

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 47—No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT FLOWER SHOW

Of the SEASON, THIS DAY (Saturday). One of the most prominent features of the London Season.

Grand Flower Shows at the Crystal Palace are always highly attractive, the number of visitors annually ranging between 15,000 and 20,000.

The ample space at command for the Show and Promenade, all under cover and protected from weather, enable arrangements wholly unattainable elsewhere to be carried out with certainty.

The Show of the present season will be of unusual extent. In stove and greenhouse plants, azaleas, orchids, pelargoniums, and pot roses, large displays may be looked for.

The novel feature of prizes for the three classes of bouquets—wedding bouquets, ball bouquets, vase bouquet—will be most interesting, leading to a great competition, not only among English and Continental bouquetists, but also among the large number of lady visitors and other private cultivators.

That the musical arrangements of the day are confided to the direction of Mr. Manns is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence.

The Ornamental Gardens of Rockhills open during the afternoon, to enable visitors to inspect the great *Wistaria Sinensis*, now in full bloom. The Palace open to the public at 10 o'clock. Barriers enclosing the flowers as soon as the judges have concluded their awards, about 12 o'clock. The Show open until 7.

Admission 7s. 6d. The guinea season ticket admits free.

The Band of the Coldstream Guards and the Orchestral Band of the Company will perform during the day. Organ performances at intervals.

TUESDAY NEXT.

CONCERT OF CLARIBEL'S SONGS and BALLADS.

—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce an EVENING CONCERT, ON TUESDAY NEXT, May 18th, at which will be given a selection of the most favourite songs and ballads composed by Claribel. The programme will also include some popular part-songs, glees, and duets, and solos for the violin and pianoforte. The artists who will appear on this occasion are:—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Hale, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Saindon-Dolby; Mr. George Perren, Mr. G. T. Carter, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Chaplin Henry; pianoforte, Signor Fumagalli; violin, M. Vieuxtemps. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hutton. The selection of compositions by Claribel will include the following songs:—"Maggie's Secret," "Strangers yet," "Children's voices," "I cannot sing the old songs," "Come back to Erin," "Secrets," "Robin Redbreast," "Take back the heart," "Susan's Story," "The Passing Bell," "Weep, no more, darling," "Only a look of hair," and "You and I." Stalls, 6s.; family ticket, to admit four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; orchestra and gallery 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Hays's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Chapside; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce to her Friends, Pupils, and the Public, that her SECOND and THIRD PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on WEDNESDAY MORNING, May 19th, and WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 9th, to commence at Three o'clock precisely: on which occasions she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Vocalists:—Mdlle. Clara Doria, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Miss Edith Wynne; Mr. Stanley Benjamen, Mr. W. H. Tilia, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Instrumentalists: Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. W. H. Ayward; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; and Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes. Conductor—Mr. G. H. Robinson.

Single Ticket, 3s.; Reserved and Numbered, 6s.; Family Ticket (to admit Four), One Guinea. To be had at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and of Miss Clinton Fynes, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

MADAME EUGENE OSWALD has the honour to

announce that her MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. George's Hall on MONDAY NEXT, May 17th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Sauerbrey, Mdlle. Valesca de Facius, and Mr. Tilia (the new tenor). Instrumentalists—Madame Eugene Oswald; Messrs. Henry Holmes, Daubert, and Lazarus. Conductors—Messrs. Sauerbrey and R. T. Jefferies. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. To be had of Madame Eugene Oswald, 39, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, and at the Hall.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN begs to announce that

her GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, on FRIDAY, June 4, 1869. To commence at Half-past Two. Vocalists:—Mdlle. Liebart, Miss Banks, Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Jessie Emmett, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, and Madame Saindon-Dolby. Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. Pianoforte—Mrs. John Macfarren and Mr. Benedict. Violin—M. Sananton. Conductors—Mr. Benedict, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. Erard's Pianofortes. Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Austin's Office, 28, Piccadilly; at St. George's Hall, Langham Place; at the Music Publishers; and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 15, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 20TH,

To commence at Half-past Two o'clock.

Selections from the works of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, WEBER, DUSSEK, CHOPIN, and STEPHEN HELLER, by Miss HODGSON, Miss STONE, Miss FLORENCE PHILLIPS, Miss PERCY, Miss ROLPH.

Miss YALLOP, Miss FORMAN, Miss EMMA BARNETT,

AND Mr. ARTHUR BARTH (London Academy of Music).

VOCALISTS—Miss FANNY HOLLAND and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON.

VIOLIN—Mr. HENRY HOLMES.

Miss HODGSON and Miss EMMA BARNETT will play Mendelssohn and Moscheles' Duet for Two Pianofortes; and Mr. ARTHUR BARTH, with Mr. HENRY HOLMES, Barnett's Sonata in E minor, for Pianoforte and Violin.

The Pianofortes by Messrs. Broadwood.

Tickets, 5s. each, to be obtained at the Hall; and of Mr. J. F. Barnett, Eton Villa, St. Paul's Road, N.W.

M. PAQUE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT at

St. George's Hall, MONDAY, 24th May. Commence at Half-past Two. Artists—Mesdames Edith Wynne, Enquist, Fanny Holland, the Sisters Doria, Madame Patey-Whytock; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Walter Leifer, Liberti, Patey, Jules Lefort, Vieuxtemps, Paque, and W. G. Cusins. Conductors—Herr W. Ganz and Mr. Benedict. Tickets to be had at Mons. PAQUE'S, 12, Great Portland Street, and at the office, St. George's Hall.

MR. CHARLES GARDNER'S MORNING CON-

CERT, SATURDAY, May 22nd, at Three o'clock, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Miss Robertine Henderson, Mdlle. Valsca de Facius, Miss Besie Randall, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Frank Massey, Mr. Walter Pettit, Herr Oberthur, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. Part songs by an efficient Choir, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Monk.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; to admit Three, £1 1s.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. Lamborn Cook & Co., 62 and 64, New Bond Street; and of Mr. Charles Gardner, 3, Chiltern Street, Westbourne Terrace, W.

HERR LEHMEYER'S ANNUAL EVENING CON-

CERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 16th of June, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, at Eight o'clock, on which occasion he will be assisted by some of the principal artists of the season, and will also introduce several of his pupils to the public. For further particulars, and also for Engagements during the season, address, Herr LEHMEYER, 14, Store Street, Bedford Square.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G.

CUSINS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, May 17, at Eight o'clock. Violin—Mdlle. Norman Neruda. Pianoforte—Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Vocalists—Mdlle. Monbelli, Signor Gardoni. Symphonies—Mozart, in G minor, and Beethoven, No. 7, in A. Overtures—Mendelssohn's "Isles of Fingal," and "Preciosa," Weber. Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto in E, and Bennett's caprice in E for pianoforte, Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT.—HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on THURSDAY, May 20, at Half-past Three. Artists—Mdlle. Regan, Mdlle. Goetze, Mr. Carrodus, Signor Pezzo, Miss Emma Busby. Conductor, Mr. Walter Macfarren. Tickets of Mr. Hall, at the Rooms; of the Musicsellers; and of Miss E. Busby, 33, Howley Place, W.

GLASGOW.—CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS (conducted by the Directors of the Glasgow Abstinists' Union). Secretary—Mr. JAMES AIRLIE; Organist—Mr. H. A. LAMBETH; Solo Pianist and Conductor—Mr. EMILE BERGER. Another successful Season of these Concerts has just terminated. The SIXTEENTH SEASON commences next 8 P.M., and will extend over the succeeding eight months, to make arrangements for which Mr. AIRLIE has arrived in London for a fortnight, and may be communicated with at Angus's Hotel, 23, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secretary.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone) will sing at the Grand Promenade Concerts, Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, on Monday next, and at Madame Salomon-Delby and M. Sinton's Annual Grand Musical Concert, at St James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 2nd. All letters respecting Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, etc., to be addressed to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing Benedict's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs. John Macfarren's concert, St. George's Hall, on June 4th; and also at Weybridge, June 9th.

MISS BLANCHE COLE.—This young Artist is engaged for the Opera Performances to be given at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. George Follen, and will make her first appearance on Monday, May 31, when she will sustain the role of "Amina," in Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*. Miss Blanche Cole will subsequently play all the *prima donna* parts during this series of representations.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing AUBER's popular song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Beauport House, on Friday Evening, May 21.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing BALFE's new song, "SHE STOOD IN THE SUNSHINE," at Miss Gottschalk's Concert, Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, Evening, May 19.

HERR REICHARDT will sing his new and admired song, "OF THEE I THINK," ("Ich denke dein"), at Madame Puzzi's Matinee Musicale, St. George's Hall, May 31.

THE PEASANT'S HOLIDAY. This favourite vocal quartet by J. W. ELLIOTT, will be sung by the QUARTET GLEE UNION at the Queen's Concert Rooms (Miss Fosbrooke's evening concert), May 24th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's popular serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," on the 29th inst., at Mr. Lansdowne Cotelli's concert Store Street Music Hall.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing VINCENT WALLACE's "SONG OF MAY," and HENRY TILLYARD's "COME, SING THOSE TENDER WORDS," at the Eyle Arms, Friday June 4th.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY (Contralto), is at liberty to receive Pupils and to accept engagements for Concerts, Dinners, &c. All letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, W.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing Balfe's new song, "SHE STOOD IN THE SUNSHINE," at Hertford, May 19.

MDLLE. LEALI will sing "IN THE WOODLAND," and "SOFTLY DAY IS DAWNING," on Wednesday, 19th May, at North End Lodge, Waltham Green; and SIGNOR CATALANI will play his mazurka, "BELINDA," on the same dates.

MR. WILBYE COOPER will sing his new song, "THINE AND MINE," at Miss Fosbrooke's concert, May 24th, and Mr. Marshall Bell's concert, June 3rd.

MADAME BERGER-LASCELLES and M. FRANCESCO BERGER beg to announce their ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will be held at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY, the 11th June.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTET PARTY.—VIOLIN—HERR JOSEF LUDWIG (Pupil of JOACHIM), and HERR YUNG (Pupil of FREDERICK DAVID); VIOLA—MR. COOPER; VIOLONCELLO—HERR SCHUBERTH. Can be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, etc., on application to the Secretary of the Schubert Society, 27, Harley Street; or care of Messrs. D. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA, and **MADAME MARELLI GARCIA** will return to Town for the Season on the 15th of May (THIS DAY). For Lessons or Concert: address—Care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR FERDINAND LUDWIG has arrived in London for the Season, and proposes giving Lessons on the Pianoforte and in Singing. Address: 1, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MDLLE. JULIE LESCA (the new Soprano) will sing at The Birkbeck Institution, May 19th. Letters respecting Engagements for Concerts, etc., to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE begs to acquaint her Friends and Pupils that she is now free to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, etc.—22, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for full or small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. GANZ's residence, 37, Golden Square.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MR. HALE (of the London Ballad Concerts), Pupil of Signor COSTA and Professor BENNETT, is open to Engagements as Vocalist or Pianist at Concerts, &c., during the ensuing Season. Address: 6, Manor View, Brixton Road, S.

MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's new and popular Ballad, "THE SPRING," at Miss Clinton Fyne's Third Pianoforte Recital, June 9.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN will play BRISSAC's brilliant "Valse de Bravoure" at her Grand Morning Concert, in St. James's Hall, on Friday, June 4th. Tickets and Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing BENEDICT's admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Hereford, May 20th.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Miss Marian Buel's concert, June 4th, at the Beethoven Rooms.

MDLLE. LEALI and **MR. LEE** will sing HENRY SMART's popular duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Mr. Boleyn Reeve's matinee, May 19th.

MISS THEED respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that she continues to give instruction in Singing and the Pianoforte, at her own residence, or at the houses of pupils.—5, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. W. H. TILLA (Pupil of Signor Sangiovanni) will sing MEYERBEER's song, "HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN" (with clarinet obligato), and BEETHOVEN's "ADELAIDE" at Madame Oswald's concert, St. George's Hall, May 17th; also "NULLA DA TE BELL' ANGELO," and "I SEEK FOR THEE IN EVERY FLOWER," at Miss Clinton Fyne's concert, Beethoven Rooms.

MR. ALEXANDER ROWLAND, Organist and Choirmaster of St. Luke's Church, Southampton, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera and Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts, London, late principal Double Bass of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, &c., will have VACANCIES, after July next, for TWO ARTICLED PUPILS, who can have the option of being educated either for the London Orchestral Practice—viz., Violin, Double Bass, Pianoforte, Harmony, &c.; or for a Provincial Practice—viz., Organ, Pianoforte, Singing, Harmony, and Composition.—For further particulars respecting premiums, reference, &c., address—Mr. Alexander Rowland, 13, Cranbury Place, Southampton.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the Season, May 25th, 1869. Address, care of Messrs. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London.

G. B. ALLEN'S GREAT BALLAD.

WHO CAN TELL? (What may to-morrow be, who can tell?) Arranged for Two Voices. By MICHAEL WATSON. Beware of vile imitations. Song or Duet, post-free for 19 stamps. RANSFORD & SON, 2, Prince's Street, Oxford Circus.

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"And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a reach,
And o'er the vale with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills."—Longfellow.

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"OF THEE I THINK."

(ICH DENKE DEIN.)

HERR REICHARDT'S NEW SONG.

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The Music by M. W. BALFE.

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(Editions de Choudens, Paris.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTICE.—Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. have just received from Paris the above new Italian Songs, by the celebrated composer of "Faust," which are worthy the attention of connoisseurs.

Just Published,

"SPARKLING EYES,"

CAPRICE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed by PAUL SEMLER.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

A Jew across Wagner.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—Those German critics who have had sense enough to oppose the mischievous career of Herr R. Wagner, have committed, all along, one great error, viz., that of treating that egregious boaster and pretender with far too much lenity, and giving him far too much serious attention, whereas they ought to have known that he was in reality quite undeserving of any grave criticism and might be "very easily disposed of," as Sam Weller says—i.e., dismissed with a few words of derision. I will therefore endeavour not to fall into a similar mistake, although it is now less easy to be brief than it would have been before the evil had gathered strength.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been hissed and derided by the Parisian public. A book or a picture, says Mr. Lewis (in that pretty novel of his, *Ranthorpe*) is said to be condemned or blamed, but a play or an opera is emphatically said to be "damned." Very true, and *Tannhäuser* has been most emphatically damned in Paris—i.e., by an audience fully and indisputably competent to judge of the merits of any operatic work. I feel myself justified in asserting that since the time when the Parisians enabled Gluck to triumph over Lulli, Rameau, and Piccini, they have never done the great cause of Art a more brilliant and lasting service than in "settling the hash" of Mr. Richard Wagner. To be sure, they did not stand upon overmuch ceremony in doing so, and Mr. Wagner may with some small show of justice exclaim:—

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

—to which we would make bold to reply:—"Because, my dear sir, you *deserved* it, and moreover you know that as well as we do, which is the worst of your derelictions."

Wagner, Mr. Editor, is just as well aware as you or I that he is not only no musical genius, but not even a musical talent. I have the honour of knowing Mr. R. Wagner, and am therefore qualified to assert that he is not what is generally called "a musical man"—i.e., possessed of a fine ear and fine taste for music. His ear is imperfect; he could never succeed in learning to play even tolerably well upon any instrument. I therefore say that he is unmusical. His knowledge of harmony is extremely limited and defective, and he has little or no feeling for the charms of melody and musical rhythm. He is in fact an unmusical man—"the gods have not made him poetical" or musical either. The composer of "Jim Crow" has (or had) a more correct idea of melody than Herr Wagner. And yet Herr W. has a sort of inward persuasion that a distinct melody now and then is a *sine qua non* in an opera; therefore, being utterly incapable of imagining one himself, he took (like many a man whose purse is empty) to *borrowing*. I will here only mention one glaring instance of this, viz., the principal melodic theme of the March in *Tannhäuser*:—

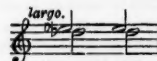


with which we only need compare the concluding *stretto* of Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* to expose the barefaced theft:—



This is not the kind of musical thought which would be likely to occur to two men at the same time, and, as it happens, it occurred to Weber first! Take away this passage (which is repeatedly brought forward in the march) and there remains nothing but a most harmless arrangement of commonplaces, although the general style, construction, and instrumentation of the whole piece is grossly imitated from Spontini and Meyerbeer. As for the song (in the third act) about the evening star, it may not be out of place to observe that it has the peculiarity of being in no key at all; it is, I believe, intended to be in G major, but is in fact, from beginning to end, in G minor, B flat, and D flat major. The absurdity of such modulation in a little song is too obvious to need comment; equally so the poverty of the composer's fancy, who could produce no effect at all but by such extravagant means and unnatural harmonization.

But why enumerate all these striking beauties and excellences? It were pity of your good paper, Mr. Editor, to cover it with anything like detailed criticisms upon such a monstrous piece of imposture and imbecility as *Tannhäuser*. Let me only remark that this opera, which so delighted the refined Parisians, is beyond all comparison Wagner's best; his *Rienzi* is a perfect incubus, a noisy "blatant beast;" more by token, after the rehearsal of it at Dresden, the horn and trumpet players generally left the orchestra with *bloody lips*! His *Flying Dutchman* is just as abominable; some Italians, staying at Wiesbaden, went to hear it, and when the overture was ended I overheard one of them say to the others, "When will this confounded (*maledetta*) tuning of the instruments be over?" His *Lohengrin* has a certain passage in it where four trumpets have to play *fortissimo* the following delicious harmony:—



which so painfully affected the ear and mind of a gentleman at Hamburg that when he left the theatre he was seized with a brain fever, and his life was long despaired of. Such is the genial and exhilarating effect of Herr Wagner's music, as it is facetiously termed in Germany.

And now, Sir, permit me to explain to your readers, as briefly as possible, how it came to pass that Herr Wagner attained a high degree of celebrity in his native country. The Germans invariably prefer the obscure and involved to the transparent and simple. Upon his ultimate knowledge of this fact Herr W. went to work, secure of success. He wrote countless articles in newspapers and magazines; he wrote pamphlets, and treatises, and "elucidations," and essays—all upon the inexhaustible and refreshing subject of his own music. This mode of attack was, of course, successful with the more gullible and ignorant portion of the public. But his main battery was concealed—Herr Wagner is brother-in-law to the wealthy and influential bookseller, Brockhaus of Leipzig, who is proprietor and publisher of eight newspapers, all of which were pressed into the service. Yet even this was not sufficient; Herr W. suddenly turned Republican (though living on the bounty and liberality of the late amiable King of Saxony), and was a prime mover in the tragical revolution at Dresden in May, 1849. By this means (at once honourable and artistic!) he secured the friendship and favour of the entire revolutionary party in Germany, which, though compelled to hide its operations, is still flourishing and powerful. Then came, to adjust Herr Wagner's manœuvres, the very natural and very ardent wish of the Germans to possess another great musical hero, the last of that race, which had given them so fair a claim to boast, having apparently (as far as the younger generation is concerned) died with Mendelssohn. They saw little could be made of poor Schumann, whose talent was very equivocal and was soon clouded over altogether, and so they took to crowning Mr. Richard Wagner, upon whose head the laurel wreath sate about as well as a diadem would have suited Mr. Swiveller's "Marchioness" when she was "airing her eye at the keyhole."

Herr Wagner and his comrades hit upon a cleverish trick to aid their plans, viz., the invention of a new generic appellation, *Zukunftsmusiker*—i.e., Musicians of the Future! This was a capital "cry," and succeeded, for a time, beyond their expectations. It should be premised that Herr Wagner had already announced to the world (in his modest self-eulogizing pamphlets, &c.) that the operas of Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, &c., were mere "unsuccessful attempts," and that his (Mr. Wagner's) operas had opened a new and magnificent epoch of dramatic music. He was so obliging as to inform us that all rhythmical, flowing, and agreeable melody is not only superfluous but a thing of no value whatever, trivial and vulgar, fit for nothing but to tickle the ears of children and their nurses. Truly, Mr. Editor, the Germans are a simple, credulous, most amiable people, most primitive and innocent of all suspicion; they positively received this atrocious piece of humbug with low bows and reverential obsequiousness, instead of saying, as any other civilized nation would have said, "Good Mr. Wagner, good Mr. Renard, the grapes are sour!" Thus encouraged, he went on presenting his gullible compatriots with one piece of fustian and bombast after the other, till at last he reached his climax in the MS. opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, which Carl Banck, at Dresden, characterized, in a very able article, as the final cessation of all music, and the domain of dissonance and tonal hideousness. This classical production was, however, incredible as it must appear, actually put in rehearsal at the Grand-Ducal Theatre at Karlsruhe; the result was that the entire operatic corps unanimously declared it unworthy of representation, and refused to sing or play it. *Tristan und Isolde* was accordingly consigned to the lumber-room—to a select audience of spiders and blue-bottle flies, which, doubtless, hum and buzz Wagnerian tunes (or would-be tunes) all day long.

Really, Sir, it is difficult to avoid a tone of railery when speaking of this *soi-disant* composer, who, for a quarter of a century, has carried on

a system of intimidation which has no parallel in the annals of art. Yet the matter is no joke, but a most serious and deplorable evil. For even the total rout and defeat of *Tannhäuser* at Paris will scarcely silence the "New-German School," as the Clique is now called, having been too mercilessly ridiculed on the score of their *Zukunftsmusik*. It is true that Herr Wagner will find it impossible to cajole the director of the Grand Opéra into performing another of his monstrous productions, but in Germany the system of puffing has been pursued upon so gigantic a scale that the eyes of the deluded public are not to be opened all at once. When musicians and critics like J. C. Lobe (*vide his Treatise on Composition*) are bullied into concealing their real opinion of such stuff as Wagner's operas, and only dare to express it in a carefully veiled and guarded form, you may have some idea of the fearful extent to which the disease has spread. The adherents of Wagner, not content with "writing him up" in the most fulsome terms of panegyric, organized so strong and resolute a *claque* in every theatre where *Tannhäuser*, &c., were performed, that the true verdict of the audience was completely overpowered and could not be delivered. They went to still greater lengths—they abused, reviled, and personally insulted any who had the courage to speak against Herr Wagner and call his powers in question; take an instance: in 1856, a member of the Ducal orchestra, at Wiesbaden, made bold to express his contempt for Wagner's music, in the *foyer* of the theatre; Herr Noachim Baff, a sworn functionary of Wagner's (and Liszt's) overheard him, went up to him and called him a stupid blockhead, an ox, an ass, &c., &c., and termed the whole orchestra a set of ignoramuses and blunderers. Whereupon Herr Baff had the honour of receiving a hearty drubbing with an umbrella; the members of the *chapelle* threatened him with prosecution, and he was fain to sneak away from Wiesbaden like a ducked poodle. This is the sort of way in which Herr Wagner's operas have been forced upon the German public. Herr Franz Liszt also wrote some extravagant brochures in favour of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, &c., of which he is now, I believe, sincerely ashamed; but it suited Herr Liszt's own plans to cry up Wagner, for the renowned pianist has for some years past been labouring hard to convince the Germans that he is a great composer, and has let loose upon the world a number of *Sinfonische Dichtungen*, or symphonic poems, all of which would make an excellent programme for a musical festival in Bedlam or St. Luke's, but which, I am happy to say, have been scornfully rejected by the ungrateful German public—witness the late concerts of the Euterpe Society at Leipzig under the direction of Herr Bronsart, a sworn ally of Liszt's, as also a similar series of ignominious defeats at the concerts of Herr Tausig in Vienna. Herr von Bülow, Liszt's son-in-law, has in like manner favoured the world with "transcriptions" from Wagner's operas, terrific to listen to. Wagner wrote an overture to Goethe's *Faust*, which has been performed all over Germany, and been damned all over Germany; yet, his admirers tell us, Herr Wagner is a mighty, a colossal genius, a perfect avalanche of talent! The truth is that he is a "misfortune" for Germany, and has already brought down the once proud and lofty musical fame of that country into the dirt. And the most painful reflection for the Germans is that such miserable pretenders as Wagner, Liszt, and a number of small fry of the same species, could only be produced, and arrive at any, even the slightest distinction, in a period of decadence of art in the country which brought them forth. I cannot but fully agree with Professor Mosevius of Breslau, who in his University lectures declared his conviction that the bright days of German music are gone for ever, and that no great German composer can be hoped for in future. This is the fate of nations: Greece and Italy could once boast of possessing the greatest poets, painters, and sculptors, England the most illustrious dramatic poets;—where are they now? For, well-a-day! their date is fled.

But, to bring this letter to a conclusion (and I would it had been on a pleasanter subject), let me just add that Wagner prided himself wondrously upon his literary talent in having written the libretti of his operas. Here, too, his flank has been turned; the Parisians have given it as their opinion that the libretto of *Tannhäuser* is a failure only ten degrees less decided than the music. It is in fact an essentially weak, undramatic fable, little more than a narrative, and little less tedious and monotonous than the music. Still, a good composer, even one of mediocre talent, would have made something more tolerable of it. As to the performances here, I can only say that they were, as usual, excellent; the disgust of the musicians at having to play such poor stuff was indeed now and then apparent in a slight want of their accustomed energy and brilliant execution, but on the whole one could only feel unfeigned compassion for the executants, vocal and instrumental, and give them the highest praise for their patience and good humour under so wearisome and thankless a task. The curtailings and alterations made by Wagner in his score (after the opera has been performed in every theatre in Germany), with the vain hope of appeasing the angry Parisian public, offer a *testimonium paupertatis* such as never yet came to my knowledge, and is, I believe, unique.

The universal judgment of Paris is against the opera, and a repetition of it is impossible. Its damnation is a *fait accompli*. There is but one point on which I can accuse the French of a partial inconsistency—viz., in not having treated the operas of M. Halévy with a nearly equal severity; it is, however, true that the latter have a good deal more melody, though of a sort but little better than Wagner's; and we must, too, consider that Wagner's enormous arrogance and conceit had put the Parisians on their mettle and indi-posed them to clemency. As for M. Berlioz, I imagine that even the qualified approbation he has bestowed upon Wagner is merely the result of a kind of fellow-feeling "which makes us wondrous kind." Had not M. Berlioz ventured to produce long symphonies, &c., in which the main faults and defects of Wagner are exemplified, being shapeless, *idealless*, involved, surcharged with noisy instrumentation, trying to express what the author has not the genius to express—Wagner would scarcely have had the hardihood to produce one of his operas at Paris. I grant that the music of M. Berlioz is superior to Herr Wagner's as far as there is a more and a less in what is essentially bad; but so portentous a mooncalf as the overture to *Tannhäuser* would never have ventured into daylight without the precedents of M. Berlioz's overtures to the *Frances Juges* and *King Lear*, nor would Herr Wagner have risked the performance of his entire opera had he not been emboldened by the lamentable success (though it was no great one) of M. Halévy's *Juive*, *Les Mousquetaires*, *Guido et Ginevra*, and the like.—I am, Sir, a discountenancer of disordinate disingenuousness—and

Paris, March 30, 1861.

A Jew.

[This letter was mislaid, but it has turned up at an opportune moment. "A Jew" might have heard *Tristan und Isolde* some years later at Munich, and, some years later still, *Rienzi* in Paris.—A. S. S.]

"The Last Rose of Summer."

Let us here call attention in a long parenthesis to the various versions, Italian, French, and German, of Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," which, thanks to Flotow's opera, has now been popularized throughout Europe. It is noticeable that, though written to the same music, neither the Italian nor the French version corresponds either as to rhythm, or as to the number of syllables, with the English original. Here are the first four lines as given in the Italian libretto:—

Qui sola vergin rosa
Come puoi tu fiorir?

Ancora mezzo ascosa
E presso già morir.

These lines, in which (as they would be read—not of course as they would be sung) the accent falls constantly in the wrong place, have been closely imitated by the French adapter, whose verse, however, is comparatively without accent:—

Seule ici, fraîche rose,
Comment peux-tu fleurir?

Alors qu'à peine éclosée
Tu vis tes sœurs mourir?

In the German version alone has the accent of Moore's lines been strictly observed:—

Letzte Rose wie magst du
So einsam hier blühen?

Deine freundlichen Schwestern
Sind längst schon dahin.

The Germans, in their translations, make a point of being faithful as to all points, nevertheless the Italian version of the "Last Rose" is, no doubt, the best for singing purposes. To an Italian ear two such words, coming one after the other, as "freundlichen Schwestern," must be intolerable. However, a soft voice turneth away harshness; and the beautiful Irish melody, sung by Mlle. Nilsson, to whatever words she might sing it, would always be beautiful.

Shaber Silber.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The programme of music given by the students, on Tuesday last, was as follows:—

Allegro ma non Troppo, from "The Pastoral Symphony," Beethoven—by the orchestra; Air, "In native worth" (*Creation*), Haydn—Mr. Baylis; First movement, from concerto (in G minor), pianoforte, Moscheles—Miss Vokins; Aria, "Qui sdegno" (*Il Flauto Magico*), Mozart—Mr. Parry (second study); Aria, "Salve dimora casta pura" (*Faust*), Gounod—Mr. Shakspeare (second study), violin *obbligato*, Mr. W. H. Weist Hill; Caprice (in E), pianoforte, W. S. Bennett—Miss Seates; Aria, "Ah rendimi" (*Mitane*), Rossi—Miss Marion Severn; Cantata, *May Day* G. A. Macfarren—solos by Miss Lanham. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins.

The audience were evidently well pleased with the performances of the young artists.

Moscow.—The popular Russian opera singer, Madame Alexandrowa, is about to undertake a concert-tour to Warsaw, Vienna, and Prague,

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

(BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC VERDIST.)

(Continued from page 288.)

Those first musical compositions with which Verdi opened his attack on the *maestro* of the Conservatory were not at all constructed according to ordinary rules; and he had held his hands most clumsily at the pianoforte, an unpardonable offence in the eyes of a *maestro*, who, before all other things, looks at manner. Not that the *maestro* was a common man; he had trained many good pupils, who cherish his memory with affection, and he devoted himself to the work of teaching with conscientiousness and with zeal. But a *maestro* is always a *maestro*; fonder of rules than of artistic beauty—of work done than of work in its commencement—of the correct than of the great in music, he was unable to discern any merit even in the good playing of Verdi with that bad manner; he was unable to recognize amidst the errors of those compositions the original genius of a youth left almost to himself in the country, like a stag upon the mountains. He set him down as incapable, and against that sentence there was no appeal; it struck Verdi like an arrow, right on the head, just at his very entrance into life. Had he been less stout-hearted he would have lost his courage; he would have obeyed the authoritative voice which expelled him from the temple; he would have believed that he had made a mistake as to the bent of his genius; he would have quitted the field of music and sought some other path in life. But he was a man of such a stamp that, instead of becoming fainthearted, he was only rendered more earnest by obstacles. His spirit told him that he was born for music, in spite of that tremendous hostile sentence, and, pouring out his feelings to Barezzi—who, on seeing him so resolved, sought to cheer him up—he determined at all hazards to go on. Later on, observing how in musical conservatories the truly scientific part of music is for the most part neglected, and an idle preference is given to that ideal side which can never be taught, thereby raising up a generation of imitators, dead almost as soon as they are born, he deemed himself fortunate not to have studied in the Conservatory. Rolle, the leader of the Scala orchestra, then gave him the advice to study privately, and to take as his master La Vigna, and so he did. Three years of his life were dedicated to hard work, with a tenacity of which few men in this world have given the example. All day long, without any rest, he was given up to the study of counterpoint; in the evening he read the Italian classics and the Bible; he lived in a miserable little room, spending but what was barely necessary for dress and food. He walked alone, avoiding company and places of public resort, and it was a great event if he had enough in his pocket to treat himself for a night to the Scala, and then only in the cheapest part of the great operahouse. At the end of three years, Pronesi, the organist of the Busseto College, died. Barezzi urged Verdi to return and take the place, and was willing at the same time to give him in marriage his own daughter, and so, with better right, call him by the dear name of son; for, in truth, in the character of a son he had long regarded him. Verdi left Milan, returned to Busseto, married Barezzi's daughter, and dedicated himself to the life of the college organist. But with the duty of playing the organ there was also united that of teaching music to the boys of the place—an excellent thing it must be owned, and we may likewise remark, by the way, less rare formerly in Italy than it is now; but Verdi got soon tired of giving lessons. The trouble of hammering something into another's mind; the annoyance of seeing, just when you think your pupils have learned well what has been so repeatedly explained, that, on the contrary, they have understood nothing; the inattention of most, the impatience, the obstinacy of many; the satiety from continually hashing up again the same truths, the weariness without solace, the very serious loss of time—all this to him who felt the yoke to be so arduous, who was himself devoured by such a passion for study, who was literally seething by the desire of producing something original, made the work of giving lessons a positive punishment. Nevertheless he applied to it with the same strength of will by which he had conquered in other struggles, and at Busseto, as at Milan, succeeded in doing many and varied things, turning to account every moment of time, and always acting on the common saying, that to work well you must work patiently. Whilst punctually discharging his duties as organist, little as he liked the work, he still prosecuted the study of counterpoint and the reading of the classics, and had composed an opera which, during the three years since his return to Busseto, he had quite completed; and moreover, living after his frugal way, he had been able to save from his small salary 1,000fr. With these savings he determined to return again to Milan in search of a manager who would bring out his opera. That happened in the beginning of 1839. At the Theatre of the Scala, in Milan, it was then the custom to give two representations during the season for the benefit of the Pio Estituto Filarmonico. Verdi tried to get his opera brought out on one of these occasions during the spring, and it was arranged that the chief part should be taken by Giuseppina Strepponi, Moriani, and Ronconi, but Moriani got ill, and the whole plan was given up. Meanwhile the manager (Merelli) had long possessed the opportunity of appreciating Verdi, and this praise must be accorded to him, that he had judged him according to his worth, and far better than he had been by others previously estimated. He undertook to bring out *Oberto Conte di San Bonifacio* at the Scala in the autumn of that very year (1839), and this was actually done. *Oberto Conte di San Bonifacio* did not produce any great effect, but neither was it disliked. Merelli, who was the best judge of the thorns tearing the foot of him who begins treading a theatrical path, as well as the stumbling-blocks

and the difficulties of a first representation, was satisfied with the success, such as it was, and proposed and concluded a contract with Verdi, the first to be a comic opera, and to be brought out in the autumn of the following year (1840). But now unspeakable griefs awaited him. He began to get ill, and whilst only convalescent, whilst he was engaged in writing the promised *opera buffa*, his two children, one of three, the other of two years, were taken ill, and in a short time both died. Shortly afterwards his wife, owing to the intensity of her affliction, was seized with an inflammation of the brain, and this young mother followed her two children to the grave. All this happened between the 1st of April and the 21st of June of the same year, 1840, in the autumn of which he had engaged to bring out his comic opera. Little do we know, when reading a volume or contemplating a picture, or listening to music—little do we know what terrible anguish may have racked the heart and the mind of the artist who has been at work on these creations. Verdi suddenly found himself overwhelmed by misfortune, torn by sorrow, bereft of all that he held dearest and most beloved in the world, with a grief preying on his inmost vitals, and amidst all this, he had to write a comic opera. And there was no time to be lost; the work was to be brought out in the autumn. He wrote with his heart lacerated by the most frightful pangs, but still he wrote, as was his duty, and he handed over the work at the appointed time. The public, ignorant of the tears amidst which those airs had been produced, went to the theatre to hear a comic opera, entitled *Un Giorno di Regno*, expecting to be amused and to laugh, and determined to hiss most loudly the composer if he was not sufficiently gay and amusing. The public had the most perfect right to take this view of the question. So the public went and listened, and was not amused, and hissed, and returned home with the satisfaction of one who has performed a signal act of justice. The day after, Verdi went to Merelli and insisted on the cancelling of the contract. The manager replied, "Well, be it so; but whenever you feel inclined to write again on the same conditions, I am willing." Verdi had received four thousand zwaniche for the opera. Some of his biographers have written that at this stage of his career he felt the necessity of fresh studies before making another attempt—that he secluded himself from the world in order to study with greater ease, and that, as the fruit of this fresh study, we are to consider the great progress observable in his next work. All this is entirely false. Verdi, turning his back on the whole world, continued, however, to stay at Milan in his furnished lodging, a single room, which he quitted but rarely in the evening; but he did not study at all—he never touched the piano—he did nothing which he had been accustomed to do before. He did, on the contrary, something which he had never done before in the whole course of his life. From morning till night he gave himself up to the reading of the most worthless books, most of them the vilest romances, then printed in great abundance in Milan; it was a strong dose of opium which he gave to his poor sick mind. He did nothing else from October, 1840, to January, 1841.

(To be continued.)

Fines for Music.

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SLEEPING AND DREAMING.

The winter wind is softly sighing
Through the withered autumn leaves;
The last sad swallow, southward flying,
Quits her home beneath the eaves;
The crystal fountain, fairy haunted,
Chilled by coming winter's breath,
Sings no more her song enchanted;
Golden summer sleeps in death.

Little Lily too is sleeping
With the scented summer hours,
O'er her grave sad trees are weeping
Yellow leaves and faded flowers;
Never more may she awaken,
Never sing her songs again,
When, by winter winds forsaken,
Golden lilies deck the lane.

The silver moon is softly streaming
Where the weeping willows grow,
There our little one lies dreaming,
Colder than the winter snow.
While we wait, and weep, in sorrow,
Guardian angels, in the skies,
Bear her off, to wake to-morrow
Where the summer never dies.

25, Bloomsbury Square.

FRANK STAINFORTH.

BRUSSELS.—M. Letellier has ceased to be manager of the Théâtre dela Monnaie. An Italian company, under the direction of M. E. Coulon is now giving a series of performances. They opened with *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

ROSSINI.

(Continued from page 323.)

At the outset of the second division of his work Mr. Edwards gives some particulars of Barbaja, the ex-waiter, ex-speculator, and ex-banker, who, as director of the Neapolitan San Carlo, engaged the services of Rossini. He is said to deserve a biography to himself, but, failing that, our author makes a few very neat points about him. Thus, "he was not one of those Italian grand seigneurs who from time to time, for the love of art and of a *prima donna*, ruined themselves in the management of opera;" he "knew nothing of music, or he might have ruined himself; he might have insisted, for instance, on producing *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, or even *Fidelio*; and further, "if he had lived long enough, if he had lived in the days of railways and the electric telegraph, he might have directed half the operahouses in Europe." It was this shrewd, able man, who, in 1814, went to Bologna and offered Rossini, as a return for two operas yearly, and sundry other services, forty pounds a month besides a share in the profits of a gambling bank. The *maestro* agreed, "did all that was expected of him to perfection, and ended by marrying the *prima donna*,—which Barbaja had not bargained for at all." For certain interesting particulars of Mdle. Colbran—the lady in question—we must refer to the book itself, the story told by our author of Rossini's Neapolitan labours claiming precedence. The *début* was made in *Elizabetta*, and an enormous success resulted. Before following it up, however, the composer went to Rome, and, according to a prior engagement, brought out his *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, agreeing further (Dec. 26, 1815) to have another opera ready by the 20th January following. Before mentioning that other, we must let Mr. Edwards tell a capital little story *à propos* of the Teatro Valle orchestra, and the first clarinet therein:—"The orchestra was composed of very indifferent musicians, most of whom were workmen and petty shopkeepers engaged during the day in the pursuit of their trade. The first clarinet was a barber, who habitually shaved Rossini. In proof of the composer's admirable presence of mind, it is narrated that, annoyed and irritated as he was at the rehearsals by the inability of the band to execute his music correctly, he never once said a severe thing to the first clarinet. He remonstrated with him very gently next morning after the operation of shaving had been safely performed." The quiet humour of this telling is, in its way, as good as the story told.

As a prelude to his remarks upon *Il Barbiere*—the "other opera" alluded to above—Mr. Edwards has some interesting remarks headed "Beaumarchais, Paisiello, and Rossini." From these we shall be content to cull one of the most acute:—"It would be rendering no service to Rossini to compare him with Mozart, whom he himself regarded as the greatest of dramatic composers. But Rossini's genius is very much akin to that of Beaumarchais; whereas that of Mozart (to the disadvantage certainly of Beaumarchais) was not. Rossini is Beaumarchais in music; Beaumarchais is not Mozart in literature." Even those who cannot agree with this distinction must admit that it is finely drawn. Mr. Edwards devotes twenty-five pages to the composition and first performance of the immortal *Barbiere*. Upon twenty-four of them we do not mean to poach—the story would be spoiled thereby—but, as having some connection with a pending discussion, we take a passage from the twenty-fifth. After enumerating the various keys in which certain airs have been sung by various singers, Mr. Edwards remarks:—"These particulars may be interesting to those who believe in the abstract value of a normal diapason, and in the absolute character of keys. We have all heard the principal airs in *Il Barbiere* sung in the keys in which they were not written. We have seldom heard any of them sung in the keys in which Rossini wrote them; yet who can say that by those frequent, constant transpositions, they lose anything of their original character—that Figaro's air, for instance, sounds mournful when sung in B flat?"

Having completed his Roman engagements, Rossini again set to work for Barbaja, and produced *Otello*, an opera which "marks the end of the interminable recitatives with an accompaniment of piano, or piano and double bass, by which the rare musical pieces were separated in the serious works of Rossini's predecessors." Unluckily for the Italian master, this reform, like most others he introduced, had been anticipated on the German and French stage, but Rossini may, at all events, claim the credit of it so far as concerns the opera of his own country. Our author duly takes advantage of *Otello* to give us a dissertation upon progress in the operatic orchestra. As a matter of course he notices the importance into which Rossini was the first to bring the horns, and does justice to the composer's eager look out for any means whereby the resources of instrumentation could be increased. "Rossini," he observes in one of his favourite antithetical sentences, "must have been on the watch for new instruments, whereas if his predecessors in Italy looked out for them, it was only with the view of keeping them out of the orchestra." Mr. Edwards does not forget to point out, in conclusion, that the progress of noise-making since Rossini's active time has been immense:—"The sax-horn turned out not to be the last trump. . . . Perhaps there is no more splendid example of modern instrumentation than the march in the *Prophète*, wherein every possible brass instrument is employed. If the benign Pergolesi could hear it as executed by Mr. Costa's band, or bands (for one is not enough), he would fancy himself in Jericho, with the walls coming down." Under the head of "Rossini's reproductions from himself," Mr. Edwards furnishes some illustrations which clearly lead up to the opinion that "there is no such thing as definite expression in music." We commend those examples to the enthusiasts of programme-

music, whom they may benefit by conversion from an erroneous way. "A positive feeling of joy or of grief," says our author, "of exultation or of depression, of liveliness or of solemnity can be expressed by musical means, without the assistance of words, but not mixed feelings into which several shades of sentiment enter. At least not with definiteness, though, once indicated by the words, they will obtain from music the most admirable colours, which will even appear to have been invented expressly and solely for them." With this we entirely agree, being, however, of opinion that Rossini was somewhat too loose in his ideas of musical expression apart from words.

Mr. Edwards dwells at some length upon *La Gazza Ladra* and its Pippo, "first of that interesting tribe of rich-voiced hermaphrodites for whom so many charming melodies were to be written." The reader must learn the importance of this new character from the book itself, as he must the danger in which the opening drum-roll of the overture placed Rossini from the purism of a half-mad student. We cannot so pass the remarks upon "Oh! nume benefico," the famous *Gazza Ladra* prayer. An example of stage praying in Winter's *Maometto* is said to have determined Rossini upon ordering an address to the Deity from his own librettist, and "when he *did* take an idea from another composer he appropriated it so thoroughly that it belonged to him for ever afterwards. He practised in music the precept enjoined by Voltaire in literature—not to rob without killing. Mosca's *crescendo* ceased to belong to Mosca, when it had once been adopted by Rossini; and Winter, after the trio of *La Gazza Ladra*, and, above all, the *preghiera* in *Mosè*, could no longer pass, even in Italy, as the inventor of stage praying." Mr. Edwards, however, takes very just care to point out, again, that "almost everything new in Rossini was already old in Mozart." *La Gazza* was produced at Barbaja's Milan theatre, and, after its success, Rossini went back to Naples, where *Armida* was brought out with an indifferent result. At Naples, also, in 1818, the great *Mosè* was first heard, upon which opera, as marking another of Rossini's onward steps, our author dwells at some length. We pass over his remarks very reluctantly, merely quoting a sentence or two *à propos* of the choral prayer—a genuine invention of the master. "After the miracle in *Mosè* it is not astonishing that Rossini should have become a firm believer in the efficacy of operatic prayer. . . . Auber turned this new dramatic means to admirable account in *La Muette*, and Meyerbeer . . . seems to have employed it in *L'Africaine* almost to excess. Here we find prayers all through the opera; from the members of the Inquisition in one act; from the sailors on board the celebrated ship in another; from the priests of Madagascar in a third."

La Donna del Lago is the next opera upon which Mr. Edwards pauses, describing it as "in some sort the forerunner of the greater work (*Tell*) composed for the French stage." The subject of the work suggested some very interesting observations upon the themes with which operatic libretti have concerned themselves at various stages of the art. Rossini was one of the first to break loose from the bondage of legend and mythology. He "did for the heroes of history what his predecessors had done for the phantoms of fable; he substituted for them the heroes of modern romance." His choice of Scott's tale was the beginning of a movement which Verdi carried to an extreme when he fixed upon the subject of *La Traviata*. The musical innovations in *La Donna del Lago* we have no space to notice, and, for a similar reason, the particulars connected with *Semiramide*, last of Rossini's Italian operas, must be passed, as well as the events which led the master to enter upon his French career. About that career itself, as represented by Mr. Edwards, we shall speak in a concluding notice.

THADDEUS EGG.

NATIONALITY IN MUSIC.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—That native musicians on the Continent receive every encouragement from their fellow-countrymen and women, I think the following will pretty well prove, and prove also to be a good example for English men and women. I met, a few evenings since, three Belgian ladies. I played several pieces to them on the piano, with each of which they appeared very much pleased. I then played a piece by Dupont (a Belgian), which put them into raptures. "Ah! M—, that is beautiful. Monsieur Dupont is a very great musician. Do you know many of his compositions? They are all splendid. Belgians are very musical; only think of Madame Geymard, Madame Sars, Monsieur Vieuxtemps, Monsieur Fétis, who is nearly ninety, and still a great musician. Then your Madame Sherrington was educated at our Conservatoire, but the Belgians did not think much of her." "In that case," she must have been too good for them, for there is not a finer singer in the world." "Ah! M—, do not say so, for I assure you the Belgians are such great musicians that when Adeline Patti sang there it was very nearly a failure.—Our countrywoman Carvalho had been singing the part of Marguerite in *Faust*, and Patti after that was nothing."—I now offered to play a composition by an English composer—"Non, non, M—, poof! poof! I hate the Eengleece mooseek."—I played the Barcarolle from Bennett's fourth concerto.—"Well, M—, that is very praty, but"—(the remainder of the sentence consisted of a bob of the head and the ascent of one shoulder). "I see you prefer Dupont," I said, "but I assure you that the Belgian has never yet been born who could write such a movement as this Barcarolle."—"Poof! poof! I hate the answer.—I remain, yours truly,

A MUSICIAN.

TO MADAME MARIE MUCHANOFF NÉE COUNTESS
NESSELRODE.*

MY DEAR MADAME,—A short time since, in a conversation in which you participated, you asked, in astonishment, the reason of the hostility which struck you as being so incomprehensible, and so evidently prompted by a spirit of depreciation, with which every one of my artistic products was received, especially by the daily press, not only of Germany, but also of France, and even of England. I have, now and then, met with a similar expression of surprise in the notice of some uninitiated novice on the press, to the effect that the writer supposed that there must be in my theories on art something exciting implacability, otherwise it was impossible to understand why I, more than any one else, should be thus, without intermission, unhesitatingly set down in the category of mere frivolous bunglers, and treated in accordance with the position in this manner assigned me.

The following pages, which, as an answer to your inquiry, I take the liberty of placing before you, will not only throw a light on the subject, but will also enable you to infer why I am compelled to furnish this explanation myself. As you, however, are not the only person amazed at the circumstances in question, I feel the necessity of giving the same answer at the same time to many others, and, therefore, of publishing it. I could not charge a friend with the task, as I do not know one in so independent and so secure a position that I could venture to draw down upon him the hostility to which I have been subjected, and against which I am so little capable of defending myself, that there is nothing left for me to do than distinctly to point out to my friends the motives of it.

But even I cannot do so without a heavy feeling about the heart; this does not proceed, however, from any dread of my enemies (for, as I have nothing to hope, I have nothing to fear, from them!); it proceeds from an anxious consideration for devoted and truly sympathetic friends whom Fate has sent me from among those related by race to that national religious element of modern European society, the undying hatred of which I have incurred by discussing its peculiarities, so difficult to repress, and so highly prejudicial to our civilization. Against this feeling I was fortified by the consciousness that these rare friends stand in the same position as myself, nay, that they have to suffer more acutely, and even more shamefully under the oppression to which all such as I have been subjected; for I cannot hope to render my statement perfectly clear, unless I explain with the requisite clearness, the oppression so paralyzing all free movement, exercised, also, by influential Jewish society upon those allied to it by descent.

I now, therefore, beg to lay before you, in the following pages, an article emanating from my pen, and published by me more than eighteen years ago.

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.
(1850.)

In the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, reference was made, not long since, to "a Hebraic taste in art;" this expression could not, and should not, fail to be attacked, and, also, defended. It appears to me a not unimportant undertaking to investigate at some length the subject here at issue, a subject hitherto touched upon by criticism only indirectly, or in an outburst of a certain amount of irritation. I shall not have to say anything new, but merely to explain the unconscious feeling, manifested among the people as a profound repugnance for the Jewish element; I shall have to express plainly something really existing already, and shall not be attempting to animate artificially, by the power of fancy in any degree, something unreal. Criticism is acting contrary to its nature, when, either attacking or defending, it has any other object.

Since it is now our purpose to explain exclusively with regard to art, especially music, the popular repugnance felt even in our days against everything Jewish, we shall of course pass over in complete silence the reasons of this phenomenon in the domain of religion and of politics. In religion, the Jews have long ceased to be enemies worthy of our hatred—thanks to all those who, within the pale of the Christian religion

itself, have drawn down upon themselves the hatred of the people! In pure politics, we have never been involved in actual conflict with the Jews; we even permitted them to found a kingdom of Jerusalem, and ought rather to lament that M. de Rothschild was too clever to make himself the King of the Jews, instead, as we all know, of remaining the "Jew of Kings." But the case is altered when politics become a social question; viewed in this light, the isolated position of the Jews appealed to our humane feeling of justice ever since the impulse for social freedom became clearer in our bosoms. When battling for the emancipation of the Jews, we were, however, the champions of an abstract principle, rather than of a concrete instance; just as all our liberalism was a not very clear-sighted play of mind, seeing that we exerted ourselves for the freedom of the people without knowing them, nay, with a feeling of repugnance for absolute contact with them, our zeal for bestowing equal rights on the Jews sprang from the impulse of a general thought much more than from real sympathy; for, whatever we said and wrote in favour of Jewish emancipation, whenever we came into absolute, actual contact with the Jews, we felt an involuntary repugnance for them.

We have now come to the point that brings us nearer the object we have in view: we have to explain the *involuntarily repulsive element* existing in the individuality and being of the Jews, for the purpose of justifying our instinctive repugnance, which we plainly feel is stronger and more overpowering than our zeal, the fruit of a settled determination to free ourselves from that repugnance. But we still are only deceiving ourselves purposely in this respect, when we believe that we ought to consider it prohibited and immoral to manifest openly an antipathy for the Jewish element. Only very recently did we seem to arrive at the conclusion that it was more sensible to free ourselves from the restraint of this self delusion, and, on the other hand, to consider quite soberly the objects of our forced sympathy, and account for our antipathy towards them, an antipathy existing despite all our delusions about liberalism. We then perceived, to our amazement, that, while battling for the cause of liberalism, we were floating in the air, and fighting with clouds, while the beautiful ground of absolute palpable reality had found some one to appropriate it, some one who was probably highly amused with our aerial capers but considered us far too stupid to recompense us by voluntarily giving up the solid ground usurped. Quite unobserved by anybody, the creditor of kings has become the king of the Faithful,* and we can merely regard the prayer of this king for emancipation as uncommonly naïve, since it is *we* rather who have placed ourselves under the necessity of fighting for emancipation from the Jews. According to the present state of things in this world, the Jew is really more than set free: he rules, and will rule as long as money continues to be the power before which all we say and do loses its force. That the historical wretchedness of the Jews and the marauding outrages of German potentates caused this power to fall into the hands of the sons of Israel is a fact into which we need not enquire here. But that taste in art, also, at the present day, has been placed in the busy fingers of the Jews by the impossibility of further developing what is natural, necessary, and really beautiful, on the basis of the height to which art has now attained, without entirely shifting that basis, is, on the contrary, a fact of which we do require to investigate at some length the reasons. All that the serf paid the lords of the Roman world and of the Middle Ages in misery and suffering, the Jew of the present day turns into gold; who remarks on seeing those apparently innocent pieces of paper that they are stained with the blood of innumerable generations? What the heroes of art extorted from the Demon hostile to it, during two thousand miserable years, with incredible exertions, using up energy and life, the Jew of the present day makes an object of traffic; who would fancy that the pretty little productions of art are smeared with the sacred sweat of genius struggling for two thousand years?

(To be continued.)

* The German: "Gläubiger der Könige zum König der Gläubiger," contains a play upon words, which cannot be rendered in an English version. "Gläubiger" signifies a "believer" as well as a "creditor," and the quibble consists in the fact that, on its repetition, the word, "Gläubiger," is taken to signify "believers," "the faithful," while, on the first occasion of its being employed, it signifies "creditor."—TRANSLATOR.

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipzig: J. J. Weber, 1869.

MDLLE. NILSSON'S MARGUERITE.

A correspondent of the *Boston Evening Post*, writing from Paris, makes the following remarks about Mdle. Nilsson's performance in *Faust* at the Grand Opéra:—

"The opera had already been performed at the Lyrique, where Madame Carvalho had produced a very favourable impression by her rendering of the principal female figure; and Nilsson, with a delicacy and generosity that is characteristic of her, offered to leave the part to her predecessor. But this the management would not listen to, and she accordingly undertook the rather ungrateful task of appearing in a part of which another had already formed the ideal in the public mind. She undertook it, however, as she does everything, with a determination to give it in her own way—after the models that her own artistic genius and instincts might dictate, and not the accepted formulas. A careful student of German literature, she strove to realize the conception which Goethe had in his own mind, that of a pure, artless, simple, unsophisticated German girl, suddenly dazzled and seduced into crime, and then abandoning herself to a remorseless remorse and despair; and she has done it with a wonderful truthfulness of general form as well as of fidelity in detail. In person, expression, mien, dress, everything, she seems as if she had just stepped out of one of Ary Scheffer's pictures, or of Kaulbach's drawings. She is the impersonation of unsuspecting purity—guileless, sweet, candid, modest, and self-restrained—but with a tinge, perhaps, of melancholy in her face and bearing, as if the gentle mirror of her soul already reflected the dark shadows of evil gathering about her, and soon to wrap her away in storm, in darkness, and in death. I know not whether the French have been taught to believe that Margaret was an alert city maiden with the manners of a *soubrette*, or of a Parisian shop-girl; but this conception of the character did not please them. They accused Nilsson of coldness, of want of animation, of monotony of tone; in short, of nothing less than a signal failure. One of the more brutal critics went so far as to announce her *début* in it as 'a splendid triumph—for Madame Carvalho.' Another intimated that she ought to be withdrawn after so tame and lifeless a performance. Even the ordinarily stately and dignified *Revue des Deux Mondes* lent itself to the task of depreciation and found fault with her voice (which is incomparably fine) as well as with her general realization of the rôle. But the verdict was by no means unanimous. Theophile Gautier, of the *Journal Officiel*, one of the most competent judges, was extremely eulogistic, and M. Ernest Feydeau, of the *Revue Nationale*, than whom there is no more capable and independent writer, battled manfully in her behalf. The latter, indeed, has written an eloquent and discriminating appreciation of her genius, which I will translate and send you as soon as it appears. All the Germans and Americans, and many of the English—all those, indeed, of every nation who appreciate the original creation of Goethe—upheld and applauded the rendering of the young Swede. Their opinion was expressed by the critic of *Galignani*, who averred that although he had seen every prominent singer in Europe, who had essayed the part, Nilsson alone had reached the spiritual and lovely conception of the poet. This has, at length, become the settled judgment, and a consequence of the little uproar has been, that for all the remaining nights of her engagement—twenty or more—not a box, not a stall, hardly a place to stand upon, is to be had for love or money, while Nilsson is in such demand for private concerts that she has scarcely a night to herself or for rest. A completer triumph over prejudice, ignorance, and rivalry, has never been achieved by an artist."

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The sixth and last concert but one of the season took place in St. James's Hall on Thursday week. Like its two immediate predecessors it depended chiefly (and wisely) upon the singing of Mr. Leslie's admirable choir, without exception the finest body of singers in the kingdom. The concerted pieces were all familiar, and need only to be mentioned in order to be recognized. They included the conductor's excellent prize madrigal, "Thine eyes so bright," "In going to my dreary bed," (encored), Mendelssohn's "Why rage fiercely the heathen," "As Vesta was descending," "Take heed, ye shepherd swains," "My bonnie lass," and "All creatures now are merry-minded." These splendid examples of pure vocal music were given to absolute perfection. The soloists were Miss Edith Wynne, who sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and Bishop's "Mocking Bird;" Miss Elena Angèle, who was heard to advantage in Mr. Leslie's "Mother's Lullaby;" and Mr. Massey, a member of the choir, who bravely volunteered to fill up the gap caused by Mr. Sims Reeves's absence, and who sang "The Village Blacksmith" so well that the audience said "Let him sing again," which he did. The Quartet Glee Union also contributed several glees. Messrs. Blagrove, De Jongh, and Brinley Richards were the instrumentalists, the first and last named giving an effective rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in F (Op. 24). As solos Mr. Blagrove played Ernst's "Elegie," and Mr. Richards his own brilliant arrangement of "Weber's Last Waltz." Mr. De Jongh, a flautist of considerable executive power, was recalled after his fantasia, "Le Désir." Mr. Leslie conducted, and Mr. Calcott accompanied.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

This society's annual performance of the *Messiah* took place in St. James's Hall on Friday week. There was a large audience, notwithstanding which the result will, as heretofore, diminish rather than increase the funds of the charity. The explanation is easy. All subscribers have free tickets, and these are freely used, but the general paying public hold aloof. This ought not, and as we think, need not be. A performance of the *Messiah* given at the right time and place, and in the right manner, would, at least, pay its expenses. In the absence of Professor Sterndale Bennett, through indisposition, Mr. Cusins conducted, the soloists being Madame Lemmens, Miss Jewell, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sainton, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Miss Wynne sang the Nativity recitatives, and "Come unto Him" with genuine taste, as did Madame Sainton "He was despised." The other ladies were effective in their several degrees. Mr. Cummings is always satisfactory, but he never, as far as our knowledge goes, delivered "Thou shalt dash them" so well as on this occasion. It was in all respects a perfect performance. In the bass airs of the first two parts, Mr. Lewis Thomas's fine voice and style made a capital effect. He was loudly applauded in "Why do the nations." The chorus and orchestra were good, and the general performance lost little by being given without the organ; for such an instrument as that in St. James's Hall, even when played with the skill and taste always characteristic of Mr. E. (Temple) Hopkins, does more harm than good.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

STEINWAY HALL.—RE-APPEARANCE OF MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.—There was a good, although not a crowded, house at this hall last night to welcome back this favourite artist to the scene of her earliest and most lasting triumphs. Her superb voice has lost nothing from her long and severe illness, although there was nothing worthy of it on the programme. A glittering selection from *La Gazza Ladra*, full of cadenzas, trills, and all those freaks of vocalization in which the swan of Pesaro delighted, was the first piece. The inevitable encore which follows a solo by this cantatrice brought forth one of her exquisite little ballads, "I cannot sing these old songs." In the second part she sang Ardit's "Il Bacio" waltz, which she first introduced in this country. She gave the D in alto in the *finale* with a ringing tone, which showed that her vocal powers were still in their prime. After Madame Parepa, one of the noticeable features in the concert was the new tenor, Mr. Nordblom. His voice is one of the purest and sweetest tenors we have heard in this city, the tones being particularly mellifluous. He has very much to learn, however, before he can claim the title of artist, and we think the selection of Beethoven's "Adelaide" was very injudicious for his *début*. It required an artist of eminence and thorough culture to sing such a work. In Abt's beautiful song, "Sleep Well," he was eminently successful. With proper study and experience Mr. Nordblom will make a first-class artist. Mr. Carl Rosa renewed his former success as a violinist by his rendering of Alard's "*Frust*" fantasia. Mr. Pease played two of his own arrangements very badly, and Ferranti brought in his "Tra, la, la," songs rather obtrusively. To-night the oratorio of the *Creation* will be given by Madame Parepa-Rosa, Messrs. Simpson and Thomas, the Mendelssohn Union and Thomas' orchestra. —*American Paper*.

MRS. STIRLING'S READINGS.—Mrs. Stirling gave a morning reading of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the St. James's Hall on Wednesday, to a large audience. In the comic scenes, the rich humour with which she is endowed was displayed with admirable power. Mendelssohn's music, which accompanied the reading, added greatly to the effect. It was performed by members of the Orchestral Union, and a choir of ladies—conductor, Mr. F. Kingsbury. The reading was listened to with marked attention, and at the close Mrs. Stirling was overwhelmed with bouquets. On the 7th June she is announced to read *The Tempest*, at St. James's Hall—the incidental music by Miss Edith Wynne, and a choir of 400, under Mr. Kingsbury's direction.

BRUNSWICK.—The Ducal Order of Henry the Lion has been conferred upon Herr Abt, the conductor at the theatre, and on Herr Sontheim, from Stuttgart. The latter has been giving some performances, and the announcement that he was to appear as Raoul in *Les Huguenots* recently attracted the largest audience ever known in the Brunswick theatre.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

DEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT SHE WILL GIVE

THREE RECITALS OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

AT THE ABOVE HALL, AS FOLLOWS, VIZ.:

THURSDAY, MAY 20, THURSDAY, JUNE 3,
THURSDAY, JUNE 17,

TO COMMENCE EACH DAY AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Programme of the First Recital.

PART I.

SONATA, in A major, Op. 43 (Dedicated to Madame Bartolozzi) (first time in public)	Dussek.
SONG	Mozart.
STUDIES { 1. E minor (first time)	F. Hiller.
2. G major	Hummel.
3. E flat major	Moschies.
4. B flat major (first time)	S. Bennett.
SONG	Schubert.
FUGUES { in B flat major (first time in public)	Albrechtsberger.
in F major (Suites des Pieces)	Handel.
PRELUDE and FUGUE, in B flat	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in C minor (first time)	Wolff.
SONG	Beethoven.
PASTORALE, in G (first time)	Steibelt.
SONG	Sullivan.
NOCTURNE, in C minor (first time)	Field.
VALSE, A flat	Chopin.

VOCALIST Miss ANNIE EDMONDS.
ACCOMPANIST Miss LUCY MURRAY.

	s.	d.
Reserved Stalls for a Single Recital	5	0
Subscription Tickets (Stalls) for the Three Recitals	10	6
Balcony	3	0
Area	1	0

To be obtained of Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, at her residence, 25, Upper Wimpole Street; CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and Mr. AUSTIN, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHARLES HALLE has the honour to announce that his NINTH SERIES OF PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

Friday, May 21,	Friday, June 11,
Friday, May 28,	Friday, June 18,
Friday, June 4,	Friday, June 25.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The success which attended the performance last season of the whole of Beethoven's miscellaneous compositions for pianoforte alone, together with the whole of the published compositions for the same instrument by Schubert, the majority of which were until then entirely unknown to the general public, encourages Mr. Halle in the belief that a repetition of the same will meet with general acceptance, and that increased familiarity with these works will enhance the appreciation of their manifold beauties.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the various pieces will, as usual, form part of the programmes.

Programme of the Third Recital (May 21st).

PART I.

GRAND SONATA, in E flat, Op. 122	Schubert.
SONG, "La Partenza" (Les Soirées Musicales)	Rossini.
SIX VARIATIONS on an Original Air, Op. 34	Beethoven.
IMPROMPTU, in F minor, Op. 142, No. 4	Schubert.

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in A minor, Op. 143	Schubert.
SONG, "Morgengraus"	Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Die bunte Farbe" (Fair Maid of the Mill, No. 17)	Schubert.
RAGATTES, Op. 119, Nos. 2, 5, 6, and 3	Beethoven.
SUITES DE VALSES	Schubert.

VOCALIST MELLE. ANNA REGAN.

Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.
Tickets may be obtained at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; OLLIVIER & Co.'s, Old Bond Street; and at the Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY-FIVE GUINEAS.
copied, by JENN MURRAY, dit le Petit Génie.
Mendelssohn et de La Halle. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, et de Remolles, Empereur de Constantinople, par le fils du Roy FLORENDO de

BIRTH.

On the 2nd inst., the wife of G. T. METZLER, Esq., of a son.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedience may suggest.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.

ROSSINI'S SOLEMN MASS.

(Continued from page 328.)

THE CREDO.

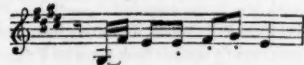
THE plan of this portion of the Mass is highly original. We have already seen what unity marks the "Gloria," but now we meet with the same quality secured by devices at once thoughtful and elaborate. Instead of cutting up the "Credo" into distinct portions, having only a sequential connexion, Rossini has made of it one movement, with a central idea and numerous subsidiaries, admirably grouped, and displaying a just regard not only for musical effect but for the associated words. The interest this symmetrical outline excites is augmented by details—both together making the "Credo," in many respects, the most attractive number of the work.

After two bars of vigorous introduction—key E major—all the voices thrice repeat the word "Credo," twice in unison, on the tonic, and, lastly, in 6-4 harmony. This act of faith is the governing idea of the movement; with it the "Credo" begins and ends, and five times is it introduced between the various clauses of belief. On the first three occasions, the words, "In unum Deum credo," follow, which circumstance has led a very knowing commentator to the discovery that Rossini was no believer in the Trinity. The music set to these words is highly impressive and is so often repeated in slightly altered forms that we must quote it:—

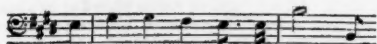


The first of these phrases is adapted to "Et incarnatus," &c., and

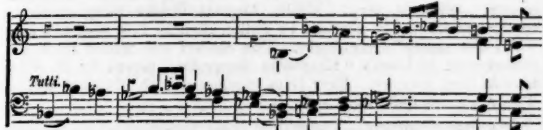
also to "Qui cum Patre," &c., the repetitions being in various keys and forms. On the words, "Patrem omnipotentem," a figure appears in the accompaniment which plays a distinguished part:—



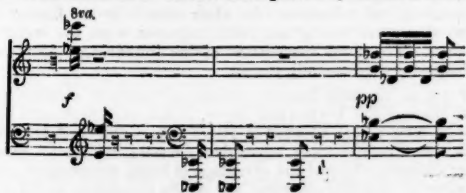
This is continued through a passage for solo voices, in which this phrase is treated canonically:—



and which afterwards re-appears in connection with the words, "Filius Dei unigenitus," &c., "Deum verum, de Deo vero," &c., "Et ascendit," &c., and, lastly, "Et unam sanctam." With these materials, the movement is worked as far as "per quem omnia facta sunt," on which passage a short double canon appears (signature changed to that of C major):—



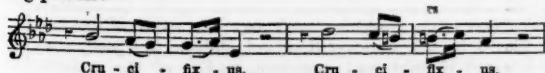
Sequential phrases abound in the Mass, and this is twice repeated in as many different keys; being also introduced on the words, "et in Spiritum Sanctum," &c. (in sequence as before), and yet again on "et expecto resurrectionem." Thence to "et Homo factus est" we meet with nothing new. This point is, however, impressively treated, the words being given first to sopranos and contraltos, and next to tenors and basses, in unison monotone; the orchestra, meanwhile, playing detached chords, founded on a descending chromatic scale. The voices then pause, while these fiftal notes are heard three times repeated by the instruments:—



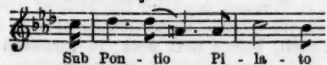
The "Crucifixus" immediately follows as a soprano air, "*Andantino sostenuto*," in A flat major. As the accompaniment never changes its character, we shall dismiss it at once by quoting the first two bars:—



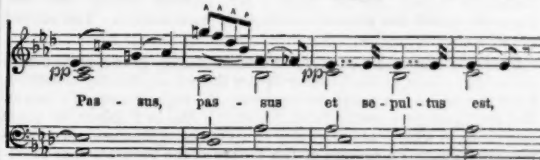
The melody is full of deep and tender feeling, which, however, rises at times to almost passionate expression. Here are the opening phrases:—



and here a kind of second subject:—



which, repeated a third higher, leads to an impressive passage that we must quote entire, and with its harmonies, or not at all:—



These are the chief points in an air which, though it may never be popular, as the term is generally understood, will always be admired for its happy expression of the most solemn fact in Christian history.

The remaining part of the "Credo," including the fugue "Et vitam," must be reserved for another notice.

(To be continued.)

OUR concert-givers have moved in the matter of Rossini's new work with characteristic English slowness. One illustration will suffice. On the 29th of April the Mass was publicly performed in the United States, while in London it has yet to be so heard. Very naturally our amateurs—who, in many respects, keep before their caterers—have grown impatient, and, taking an obvious course, have executed the work for themselves. All honour to them on account thereof. One performance took place last Saturday at the residence of Sir William Mitchell, in presence of a select and critical audience. All who took part were amateurs, save the conductor, Signor Randegger, the principal tenor, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and the two accompanists; nevertheless, the Mass was given, circumstances considered, in excellent style. As a matter of course, the fugues, especially "Ex vitam," tried the chorus severely. These difficulties were surmounted however, and the result was one upon which the amateurs had reason to congratulate themselves. Some of the solos were particularly well rendered. Among these the "O Salutaris" and "Agnus Dei," were conspicuous, both being sung by Miss Mitchell with a beauty of voice and style that few professionals could bring to them. Mr. W. H. Cummings made a great success with the showy "Domine Deus," his intelligent reading giving an attraction to the air, of which it does not appear susceptible at first sight. As to the character of the Mass, as a whole, there was but one opinion; while upon the character of the performance Signor Randegger may felicitate his zealous amateur followers.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Müller v. d. Werra has been entrusted with the task of selling some highly valuable autographs, formerly belonging to a celebrated composer, who was the friend of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. They are the manuscripts of complete works, and comprise a short stringed quartet by Mozart, some pianoforte pieces by Beethoven, and several of the most beautiful songs—such as "Die Forelle" for instance—by Franz Schubert. What renders the pieces particularly interesting is the fact of their varying in different places from the known editions, and having marginal observations, as well as a dedication. An unpublished song by Franz Schubert, to words taken from Holy Writ, is included among the collection.

SALZBURG.—At the last concert of the Mozarteum, the programme included a completely new work, namely, a *Symphonic Concertante* (Triple Concerto in one movement), for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, with orchestral accompaniments, by Mozart. Herr Bach discovered the interesting relic hidden amid a number of archives covered with the dust of years. Mozart had written down with his own hand the sketch, which Herr Bach carried out, scored, and supplied, moreover, with a grand three-part cadence.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The first concert of the "Saturday Orchestral Union" took place in the Store Street Rooms last Saturday. The pieces selected for performance were the overtures to *Euryanthe* (Weber), *Lichtenstein* (Lindpaintner), *Raymond* (A. Thomas), *Oberon* (Weber), and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, was entrusted to Madame Oswald, and Miss Edith Wynne (encored in Benedict's "Rock me to sleep") Mr. Edward Murray and Mr. Maybrick varied the programme by their vocal talents. The concert was altogether agreeable.

FRAULEIN MEHLIG'S CONCERT.—Fraulein Mehlig gave a performance of chamber music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday afternoon, when she played several pieces requiring the highest executive power. Her programme commenced with Schubert's *Duo* in B minor, for piano and violin, in which, as in so many of his works, diffuseness and reiteration are welcome on account of the beauty of the thoughts thus exemplified and repeated. It was played to admiration by Fraulein Mehlig and Herr Straus. The concert-giver also exemplified her cultivated taste and brilliant execution in several difficult solo pieces by Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt—producing an especially marked impression by her performance of Liszt's transcription of Bach's organ fantasia and fugue in G minor. Some vocal music, sung by Mdlle. Carola, the Mdlles. Doria, and Herr Wallenreiter, agreeably varied the programme.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S SOIREE.—The third and last of these took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday evening, and included some admirable pianoforte playing by the concert-giver, who has fully established her position. During three concerts Miss Zimmermann has executed, with the highest skill and intelligence, chamber music, both *concertante* and solo—Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Schumann being the composers chiefly drawn upon. By the production (at her first *soirée*) of a sonata for piano and violin, constructed on the most elaborate scale, Miss Zimmermann has also placed herself among the lady composers who have honourably distinguished themselves. In several original vocal pieces, too, she has won no less distinction. The co-operation of Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, and the capital part-singing of Mr. Joseph Barnby's choir, have been important features of her concerts.

Mr. OTTO BOOTH, one of our most rising young violinists, gave a concert recently at the Victoria Hall (Notting Hill), which was numerously attended. Mr. Booth played the slow movement from Mendelssohn's violin concerto and Paganini's fantasia on the *Carnaval de Venise*, which exhibited his command over his instrument, both in the way of expressive interpretation and of brilliant execution. Mr. F. Booth, the violoncellist, played Piatti's fantasia from *I Puritani* with great taste and skill. The vocal honours of the evening were gained by Mr. C. Hemming in a pleasing ballad, by Mr. Booth, called "Loving Eyes," while a trio for piano, violin, and cello showed that Mr. Booth, was not only a brilliant executant, but a composer of talent. It is to be hoped that such evenings may be continued, under the same or similarly competent direction.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Israel in Egypt* was given on Wednesday night, with the usual large array of performers, conducted by Mr. Martin. The choruses were generally well sung. "He gave them hailstones" and "The Horse and his Rider" as usual seemed to afford the greatest pleasure, the first named receiving the customary encore. The solo singers were Miss Arabella Smyth, Madame Baby-Barrett, Miss Palmer, and Mr. R. Mason. Mr. Martin introduced a novel feature in the performance, by assigning the duet for two basses, "The Lord is a man of war," to the choristers. The florid passages in which this duet abounds, are not easy of execution by single voices, and become of course more difficult when given to numbers. The basses, however, on each side the choir displayed considerable skill in the execution—producing an effect certainly never contemplated by the composer, but so successful with the audience as to lead to a general demand for its repetition, which was complied with.

Mr. WALTER BACHE'S concert is always marked by a crowd of novelties, the concert-giver belonging to the school of Liszt and Wagner, whose compositions are not yet ("thank Heaven," some one would say) naturalized among us. Mr. Bache's programme on this occasion was full of Liszt, the churchman-pianist being represented by a set of songs from *Wilhelm Tell* (sung by Miss Clara Doria), a pianoforte solo, "Reminiscences de Norma," a "Poème Symphonique," *Les Preludes*, arranged for two pianofortes, and played by Messrs. Bache and Dannreuther; and a "Chorus of Reapers" from the music to Herder's *Entfesseltem Prometheus*. In addition, a couple of songs by Brahms (another of the new lights) had a place. All these pieces were at least interesting, and some of them may have given pleasure by their very strangeness. Nevertheless, the largest favour was shown to things more orthodox, as, for example, Bach's prelude and fugue in A

minor, well played by Mr. Bache; Klindworth's two-part song "May-day" (encored), and Macfarren's "Pack clouds away," for which Miss Horn secured a repetition. The concerted vocal pieces were given by Mr. Bache's choir, a well-trained body of about fifty singers. Although we do not agree with Mr. Bache's musical "proclivities," we can admire the energy and boldness with which he carries them out.

M. JOSEPH WIENIAWSKI'S *matinée* took place on Friday, May 7, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Rubinstein's sonata in D major, for piano and violoncello (MM. Wieniawski and Piatti) opened the programme. The *finale* of this sonata bristles with difficulties for both instruments. Signor Piatti of course played as he alone can play, and his companion successfully emulated his fine performance. Herr Reichardt contributed "Un aura amorosa" (*Così fan tutte*) with delicacy of taste and expression. The first part of the concert concluded with a selection from Chopin's compositions—viz., *Nocturne* (Op. 15), *Etude* (Op. 25), and *Ballad* (Op. 47), A major. In these Wieniawski's execution was remarkably effective. In the next piece, three movements from a sonata, in D minor, composed by himself, M. Wieniawski had the invaluable aid of that genuine and magnificent artist, M. Vieltemps. The sonata is brilliant in parts, and the *scherzo* is extremely difficult. More compositions by M. Wieniawski followed—"Deux Romances, sans paroles,"—pretty, very; and, "Valse de concert"—difficult, very. Mdlle. Augusta Goetze being unable to appear was effectively replaced by Mdlle. Blanche Ellerman, who sang "Voi che sapete" charmingly. The concert was wound up by the performance of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," played by M. Wieniawski from memory. Herr Ganz conducted with his usual ability. The room was quite filled.—H. L.

ORATORIO CONCERTS.—The fifth of these performances, on Wednesday night, at St. James's Hall, consisted of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Mr. Sims Reeves was to have sung, but an apology was made for him on the plea of sore throat and hoarseness, and his place was taken by Mr. Cummings, with an efficiency which has been before exhibited under similar circumstances. In "The Sorrows of Death," and "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" of the *Lobgesang*, and in the "Cujus animam," of the *Stabat*, Mr. Cummings produced a marked impression. Madame Rudersdorff sang the soprano solos in both with that declamatory power which we have often had occasion to recognize. Owing to the sudden illness of Mdlle. Drasdil, who was also to have taken part in Rossini's work, Mdlle. Scalchi appeared in her stead, and gave the music with rich quality of voice, Herr Stepan singing bass with much vigour. The choruses were given with precision and refinement, the choir formed by Mr. Barnby (who conducted as usual) having materially improved since the earlier performances. The three movements of the introductory symphony to the *Lobgesang* were capably played.

As one of Madame Puzzi's interesting "*matinées d'invitation*," at which Misses Edith Wynne and Hayes, Mdlle. Anna Regan, and Signor Ciabatta, sang a rare selection of pieces (one of the most beautiful of which was Signor Schira's expressive *Romanza*, "T'amai," sung by Signor Ciabatta, who had the advantage of being accompanied on the pianoforte by its gifted composer, and on the violoncello, by its distinguished *virtuoso*, M. Paque), at which M. Paque played a solo on the violoncello and M. Blumenthal (his first appearance this season) divers solos of his own composition on the piano, and at which Signor Vera was the conductor, Signor Luca Fumagalli played brilliant *morceau de salon* on "A te o cara" (known under the title of "Clarice"), by his brother, the late Adolfo Fumagalli, with extraordinary delicacy and finish. Signor Fumagalli's performance was received with warm demonstrations of approval, and this, his first appearance for the season, may be chronicled as an *éclatant* success. The concert was followed by Offenbach's operetta, *The Treasure found by Lantern Light*, in which the various characters were capably represented by Messrs. Frank Crellin and Herbert, Miss Jocelyn, Madame Crellin (late Miss Susan Pyne), and Madame Florence Lancia, the accompaniment being played with harmonium by Mr. F. Archer and pianoforte by Mr. Frank Mori. Altogether this was one of Mdlle. Puzzi's most delightful *réunions*.

ONE of the musicians best known, best respected, and best loved in this country, Bernhard Molique, the justly celebrated violinist and composer, author of the oratorio, *Abraham*, and other great works, died, at Cannstadt (near Stuttgart, in Wurtemberg), on the 13th of this month. We have as yet received no particulars of Herr Molique's illness, but shall, before next week, be furnished with information which must interest every amateur of music, English as well as German.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The following is abridged from the *Scotsman* of the 3rd inst:—

"Professor Oakeley gave an organ performance on Saturday evening—the closing one for the season—in the musical class-room, Park Place. The programme comprised Handel's organ concerto, No. 2; transcriptions of choruses by Haydn, Handel, and Mendelssohn; a movement from Mozart's string quartet, No. 7; the *Andante* of Beethoven's C minor symphony; the *scena* from the second act of *Der Freischütz*; Schumann's 'Frühlingslied,' &c.; ending with Bach's organ fugue in E flat. The *Der Freischütz* was encored and repeated. The audience numbered from 400 to 500, including many University Professors. While 'educating' the public into a love of organ music, Professor Oakeley has acted judiciously in alternating high class music with transcriptions generally familiar, and pieces immediately before the public. As instances, we may mention the 'Nightingale chorus' from *Solomon*, and the *Andante* from Beethoven's C minor symphony (both of which had been played on the Saturday night previous), the *Allegro* from the 'Reformation' Symphony, and the *Entr'acte* from *Rosamunde*, recently discovered by Mr. Grove, at Vienna, first played here at the Reid Concert, repeated from time to time at these performances, and now a universal favourite. This composition did not seem at all out of place when heard yesterday, at the offertory in one of the Episcopal churches here."

BRIGHTON.—We abridge as follows from the local *Gazette*:—

"The annual choral festival took place at the Dome Assembly Room on Friday last. The vocalists—nearly 300—consisted of choirs from Brighton, Horsham, Lewes, Hursstierpoint, &c., in each of which towns Mr. Walter Newport, the conductor, has been visiting, for the purpose of training. In addition, twelve or fifteen harps took part in the concert. The principal singers were Fraulein Mehlhorn, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The new organ was played by Mr. Hiles, and a grand pianoforte by Signor Lardelli. The programme opened with Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' which was magnificently performed by Mr. Hiles. Hattton's 'Softly fall the shades of evening,' was then sung. This piece was sufficient to show what pains must have been bestowed by the conductor on the rehearsals. Mendelssohn's 'Hear my prayer' was the next piece, Fraulein Mehlhorn taking the solo. We have never heard her sing better. Mr. Vernon Rigby sang a ballad by Lardelli, 'My heart's as young as ever,' with a freshness of voice that reminded us very much of 'the great English tenor.' He was loudly encored, but declined the honour. Miss Edith Wynne's 'Softly sighs,' was received with much applause. Mr. Lewis Thomas then sang 'Ah non avea' with powerful expression. The first part concluded with the 'March of the Men of Harlech.' The second part opened with the overture to *Masaniello*, followed by 'To Thee, great Lord,' for organ, chorus, and harps. Fraulein Mehlhorn sang 'The Nightingale's Trill,' in which she was greatly applauded. Waelrent's madrigal, 'Hard by a fountain,' was then sung, followed by 'The Thorn,' Benedict's ballad, 'I know a song,' Bishop's 'Tell me, my heart,' and a grand dramatic piece for harps, organ, and pianoforte, entitled 'The Dream of Joy,' composed expressly by Mr. Cheshire. The concert concluded a little before eleven."

Our ancient and venerable correspondent from Great Malvern, Worcestershire, writes to us as follows:—

"With sorrow profound I communicate the departure of a musical gentleman, who is well known in the profession and to those who have mingled with him by the close ties of friendship they have ever found in him a warm friend kind and good to a degree. The happy visage that used to charm conveying pleasure to those who had the felicity of his acquaintance, the good old man ripe with years, is now consigned to that 'Home bourn, from whence no traveller returns.' The familiar name of Horncastle is well known to the musical profession (particularly in London). For many years he occupied a prominent position in the orchestra years passed. He was cotemporary with Braham, Phillips, Hobbs, Lablache, Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Stephens and many lights who used to shine in all their splendour in that day."

"I have (with many other) musical friends enjoyed many happy hours in his genial company, and he was never more happy than in giving all the kind information he had at command to those who took a lively interest in the musical artists of our earlier days. It has been to me (personally) delightful to hear him speak with such fiery earnestness of the magic power of Paganini and the wondrous soul tones he expounded from his violin, with the abundant stores he had in possession, also of the ever graceful and melodious style of his friend Charles De Beriot. Myself being fond of the beauty of all instruments (the violin), I have spent many pleasing hours with good Horncastle, feeling a pride accompanied with gratitude for his kindness in giving his long experience over his profession for so many years. Malvern was his living abode, he 'pitched his tent' as a favourite resort. Being a lover of all that is beautiful in nature the

road landscape reached over from the Summit of the everlasting Malvern Hills, the lamented gentleman delighted to hold conversational topics.

"He was highly esteemed and beloved by all at North Malvern. On Thursday week he took his seat at the piano at Admiral Wink's, affording pleasure by singing many exquisite melodies which his richly endowed mind was so full of. He frequently united with the 'good Admiral's Wink' old established Harmonic Society, his venerable countenance seizing the attention of all.

"He made many friends and his removal from all below so sudden caused profoundest sorrow.

"On Monday week he was looking full of vivacity seeming to recover his strength. That day he had enjoyed a lovely ride round the Hills with his old friend Wink, both enlarging on the panorama of beauty before their vision. I regret on Thursday he was seized somewhat suddenly, the same night breathed his last. Few men have gone more highly esteemed. Horncastle had endeared himself to many friends round Malvern, to none more than his old friend and companion Wink. He was buried on Monday at the church yard St. James West Malvern. A churchyard more lovely situated would be difficult to seek. Good Horncastle has finished his allotted sojourn. He has gone to his last home having lived close on 70 years 'Peace to his manes.'

"MILES OF MALVERN."

"Malvern, May 11, 1869."

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard gave a Pianoforte Recital at Rocheste on Monday evening, and another at Tunbridge Wells on Tuesday evening. According to our local correspondent, both were crowded and at both Madame Goddard's performances were received with the utmost enthusiasm. The programme, in each instance, was identical with one that Madame Goddard has but recently introduced in several provincial towns.

From the style of a criticism upon Rossini's *Mass*, the first part of which appeared in the May number of *The Musical Times*, one might imagine that judgment was being passed upon a criminal, ultimately to be consigned to the hulks. Outside people may feel inclined to ask what are the pretensions of "G. A. M." that entitle him to assume such a tone of superiority in speaking of any work whatever signed by the composer of *Guillaume Tell*.

M. Bagier has found a new tenor, one M. Urio, whom he has engaged for three years.

M. Thalberg is now in Paris, "electrifying" the amateurs at sundry private parties.

Madame Carvalho has been playing Marguerite at the Grand Opéra vice Mdle. Nilson elsewhere.

M. Bagier, of the Italiens, has re-engaged Mdle. Krauss upon terms very advantageous to the artist.

If you are asked whether you think English playgoers can stand the *Can-can* you may safely reply—can't can't.—*Punch*.

Offenbach's *Les Brigands*, laid aside last year in favour of *La Périochole*, is to be produced at the Variétés in September.

Mdlle. Genevieve Halévy, daughter of the composer, is to be married to M. Georges Bizet, composer of the opera, *Le Pêcheur de Perles*.

The "Royal Original Christy's" will change their programme on Monday night, producing, among other things, a burlesque extravaganza on *Il Trovatore*.

Madame Norman-Neruda, the celebrated lady-violinist, makes her first appearance to-day in St. James's Hall, at the concert of the Masters Lejeune.

A *Symphonic Concertante* for violin, viola, and violoncello has been discovered by Dr. Bach, director of the Mozarteum at Salzburg. So says the *Gazette Musicale*.

Herr Otto Goldschmidt intends giving a performance of his oratorio, *Ruth*, at Hamburg. The solo singers will be Mesdames Otto-Goldschmidt, Joachim, Herren Walters and Keller.

We understand that Signor Piatti has just completed a concerto for the instrument upon which he is supreme. Good news for all violoncellists able to play what Signor Piatti is likely to write.

Among the foreign musicians shortly expected in London is M. Antoine de Kotski, pianist to the King of Prussia. We believe that M. Kotski intends giving a certain number of concerts in course of the season.

The General Musical Association of Germany will meet at Leipsic on the 11th and 12th July. Besides the business proceedings, lectures, dis-

cussions, etc., on musical subjects, there will be a concert of chamber music and an organ concert.

Herr Anton Rubinstein's visit to London this year will be very brief. Advertisements inform us that he will arrive on the 17th inst., and leave again for Russia on June 2nd. Bad news for his many enthusiastic admirers among the "Upper Ten" of London.

The electric organ just built by Messrs. Bryceson in St. George's Church, Tuffnell Park, was opened by Mr. R. Limpus on the 8th inst. The instrument, one of 22 stops, is erected over the west door, the key-console being in the choir. We understand that the action is perfect, and therefore gives entire satisfaction.

A concert is announced to take place at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday next, for the purpose of giving a selection of various songs and ballads by the late lamented composer, "Claribel." The public will thus have a good opportunity of fairly testing the merits of a composer whose vast popularity in the drawing-room has been the cause of so much discussion among musical critics.

Mr. J. F. Barnett announces a Pianoforte Recital at St. George's Hall next week. Selections from the works of the "classical masters" will be played by a number of his more advanced pupils. The programme will be varied by vocal pieces to be sung by Miss Fanny Holland and Mr. Denbigh Newton. Mr. Henry Holmes will also lend his assistance by playing a sonata of Mr. Barnett's for pianoforte and violin, with Mr. Arthur Barth.

In a notice of a Saturday Evening Concert the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* says:—

"Madame Florence Lancia, who has become an established favourite at these concerts, gave her usual graceful and effective interpretation of the songs allotted to her. Randegger's new song, 'Bird of the Spring Time,' being particularly acceptable to the audience, and which, being re-demanded, the fair vocalist responded by singing the popular 'Il Bacio.'"

The *Cumbria Daily Leader* also inserts a favourable notice of the same lady in its report of a concert at Cardiff. Our Welsh contemporary says:—

"Madame Lancia has a voice of great power and flexibility, and her rendering of the magnificent 'Inflammatus' was splendid; so much so, that it was re-demanded—a call upon the artist's powers which would scarcely have been made had a portion of the audience possessed a better appreciation of the arduous character of the task. As a matter of course, the artist did not respond to the demand. The duet, 'Quis et homo,' for the first and second soprano, was splendidly sung by Madame F. Lancia and Madame Patey-Whytock, an encore being the result, which the artists complied with."

Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* was to be performed on Thursday last, at the Italiens, for the tenth and last time, previous to the Strakosch-Alboni tour. The work has also been given lately at Rome in presence of the high dignitaries of the Church. Also it has been heard for the third time at Milan, and will be heard for the first time at Baden, M. Dupressoir, having engaged Mesdames Krausa, Alboni, M.M. Palmeri, Stellar, sixty chorists, &c., of M. Bagier, for one performance, at the price of 20,000 francs.

A piece is now being played at the Victoria Theatre under the title of *How Time Flies* (hero, Major Egerton, a *roué*; heroine, Nancy, a seller of sprats, whom Major Egerton endeavours to kiss) in which the utmost limits of "realism" seem to have been attained. Billingsgate and Covent Garden markets are both introduced; but the great success of the drama, in the way of scenery and stage-grouping, is a representation of the New Cut on a Saturday night. Here the enthusiasm of the audience reaches its height; and when a live donkey is brought in, the house resounds with cries of "Author! author!"

It appears that various novel and ingenious arrangements are to be introduced at the new French Opera for the accommodation of the public. Those horrible *petits bancs* which the *ouvreuses* insist on furnishing to all lady visitors are to be abolished and the *ouvreuses* with them. Mechanical *petits bancs* are to spring up, as if by magic, from the bottom of each box, and the *ouvreuses* are to be replaced by gentlemen in black who will be called *huissiers*, and will not be allowed to take fees. An office for carriages is to be opened, where on ordering a vehicle (they will be of various kinds) you will receive a ticket bearing a number, which number will be called out at the end of the performance as soon as your carriage "stops the way."

We scarcely thought it would be at the Lyceum, but it was certain that at one of the theatres a second Italian Opera would be started. It seems to be equally an understood thing that London wants no opera at all during the eight dull months of the year, and that London must have at least two Italian operas during the four months which constitute what is called "the season." Indeed, if the Lyceum speculation had proved successful, we might have counted, for 1870, on three Italian

operas; for it is not to be supposed that Her Majesty's Theatre will remain unoccupied, or that there is any intention of diverting it from the purpose which it has so long served. But sufficient for the year are the operas thereof; and the only enterprise to compete for the favour of the public with the Royal Italian Opera for the present year, 1869, was the one emphatically announced as the "New Italian Opera," whose scene of action was the Lyceum. The result is known—a season of three hours.

A New York paper has the following *à propos* of a concert recently given in that city:—

"The fifth Philharmonic concert, April 10, was not a success. Liszt's symphonic poem, 'Ideale,' was enjoyed but by few, understood by fewer. To most it was sound and fury, signifying nothing. The same remark applies to Wagner's *Faust* overture. This music, however, the society is not to be blamed for producing. It is attracting attention in the capitals of Europe, and it is but fair that the New World should share the infliction in common with the Old. Possibly in fifty years from now Liszt and Wagner will be appreciated, and Beethoven and Mendelssohn seem as antiquated as Gluck or Paeiello; but we would not anticipate that delectable period. Mr. Richard Hoffman played Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, in a thoroughly graceful and satisfactory manner. The concert concluded with Beethoven's Symphony in C, which the greater part of the audience heartily enjoyed, while others, exhausted by the siege of Liszt and Wagner, peacefully slept. Among the latter were two well-known critics who have since written enthusiastic reviews of the entire performance."

A correspondent writing from Baden says:—

"Magnificent weather has restored life to this favourite watering place, and numerous arrivals gladden hotel keepers. The proprietor of the Casino, M. Dupressoir, has provided instrumental music three times a day, a Florentine quatuor and concerts, for which are engaged Mlle. Bloch, of the French Opera; Mlle. Schröder, of the Lyrique; and Jourdan, of the Opéra Comique. July is to be devoted to operetta, for which the Bouffes-Parisiens company is engaged, and Offenbach has a two-act piece in preparation. In August we are to have the repertory of the Théâtre Français with Bressant, Regnier, Madame Madeleine Brohan, and others; varied with chamber music; next follows French opera; *Faust*, with Faure and Mlle. Nilsson; *Mignon*; and Félicien David's *Christophe Colomb*. The latter half of September is to be consecrated to Italian opera, and in *La Sonnambula*, *Il Trovatore*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *La Traviata*, will be heard Nachbauer, Delle-Sédie, Paolo Augusti, Adelina Patti, Sass, Vestri, Wertheimer, and Monbelli (who, across the frontier, may laugh at the Paris courts which closed the theatre against her in France). Madame Carvalho and Sivioli are engaged for October."

ROSSINI AND THE DRUM-HATER.—It cannot be said that Rossini's overture to *La Gazza Ladra* was applauded without a single dissentient voice. One young man in the pit—a student of music, and a pupil of Rolla, the leader of the orchestra—went almost into convulsions on hearing the drums, and wished to take summary vengeance on the composer who had ventured to introduce such instruments into an operatic orchestra. The youthful conservative, with all the ardour of an Italian revolutionist, swore that he would have Rossini's blood, and went about with a stiletto in the hope of meeting him. The master of this vehement orchestral purist warned Rossini that he meant mischief; but Rossini was so much amused at the idea of any one wishing to assassinate him because in an overture of a military character he had introduced a couple of drums, that he got Rolla to bring him and the young man together. Then, in a humble tone he set forth his reasons for introducing the instruments which had so irritated the student's susceptible ears, and ended by promising never to offend in a similar manner again. For which, or better reasons, Rossini never afterwards began an overture with a duet for drums.—*Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards.

The *Continental Gazette* says in its Paris gossip:—

"The two operas have let their respective *divas* out; the blonde is inaugurating the London season, under the fusion of two brotherly managers, Gye and Mapleson; the brune is detained in Paris for one week more, to be devoted to medical treatment under Doctor Nélaton; total abstinence from trills and other brilliant warbling is enforced. It has perhaps been wisely ordained that our singing birds, artists, and lecturers should not be above the gout and surgical operations, were it not so the atmosphere of adulation that surrounds them would render them callous to the vicissitudes of their brothers and sisters not gifted with high notes upon inaccessible peaks like those of Mlle. Nilsson and Patti, nor with chest *uts* like Tamberlick, nor, I may say, with ramrods through their bodies, like M. Epstein, for the accident which lately nearly cost this conjuror his life has been a splendid advertisement for him. All the crowned heads have sent in their cards and made kind enquiries as to the state of his wound. But however great emulation may be in Paris to show every attention to remarkable men, we are inclined to think the London season this year will find *prime donne* and tenors intent on

* He did with a "roll," though—witness *Semiramide*.—A. S. S.

outdoing each other all alone, considering that they are to sing the same pieces. We hope the example of fraternal concord given them will be conducive to mild objections only from one larynx to another."

In an article on Musical Pitch, *Dwight's Journal of Music* observes:—

"Here, in Boston we have already a certain foothold gained in favour of conformity with the French pitch; the great organ of the Music Hall is tuned to it. What can we do to bring us fully into line with the new movement? One more step has been taken; the Normal Diapason, by a wise vote of the committee, has just been introduced into all our public schools. But the orchestral instruments, especially the reeds, &c., cannot be lengthened out to suit the organ, without deranging their scale, altering their intervals unequally; hence a chronic difficulty of pitch in all the oratorios. To procure new instruments, properly made for the purpose, would involve a greater expense than most of the musicians feel able to incur. It is, therefore, proposed to have a proper set of instruments made for them, and to procure the means, it is proposed to give a concert, vocal and orchestral, on the afternoon of Thursday, May 13, under the joint auspices of the Handel and Haydn, the Harvard Musical and the Boston Music Hall Associations. The arrangements are in the hands of a committee of three from each body—viz., J. B. Upham, L. B. Barnes, and Theo. Stover for the Handel and Haydn; H. W. Pickering, J. S. Dwight, and B. J. Lang, for the Harvard; Eben Dale, J. P. Putnam, and S. L. Thorndike, for the Music Hall. The programme will probably include the *Hymn of Praise*, a good symphony and overture, a serenade by Mozart for the wind instruments in question, and one or two good vocal solos. More in our next."

An old correspondent, whom we scarcely thought was still in the land of the living, has addressed us a letter concerning "Pigeon Butchers," and the amusement (!) of pigeon shooting, which certain "females of the period" have taken to patronize. We print as much of it as our space will allow:—

"To see hundreds of the birds universally regarded as the type of innocence mercilessly and painfully slaughtered from seats so conveniently placed that not a flutter of the ruffled plumage, not a gyration of the dying agony, not a helpless struggle to use again the pinions which have been destroyed, not a confiding look when the poor wretch sits down and, without attempting to fly, looks its destroyer piteously in the face, is missed—to see these things closely and minutely is a cherished amusement with the classes to whom all amusements are within reach, and whose station and advantages entitle them to be looked up to and emulated as examples. Two days after the experience recorded, we were present at a bores' shooting match in a Surrey field. Nothing could be more vulgar and commonplace than the surroundings, nothing coarser or more essentially plebeian than the men. Sparrows were the birds here, the prize was beer instead of sovereigns, and the spectators were the roughest of the rough. But they gave their birds a chance, and they had left their womenfolk at home. Sometimes a whole cluster of sparrows escaped scot free, frequently only one or two out of a batch were killed, and no female was in sight. Perhaps idle men are as well engaged in this sport, at once effeminate and cruel, as in gambling, or talking that which prepares work for Sir ——. But as for the she-spectators, I will gladly believe that the only women who assist at pigeon murder are Soiled Doves."

We might print more of the letter, but pigeons are not singing birds. They can "coo" (*voilà tout*).

In the account of the circumstances of Mozart's death, given by his sister-in-law Sophie Weber, and included in the collection of the composer's letters, occurs a confirmation of the doubts we have expressed as to the use of ice in the case of persons of weak vital energy. In Mozart's last illness, the cold applications ordered by the doctor to his head produced an instant unconsciousness from which he never recovered. No doubt he was already so dangerously ill that he would, in all probability, never have rallied, especially considering the mode of treatment in vogue with doctors seventy years ago. But it is precisely in the case of those who are reduced to a low vital condition that the real tendencies of any remedial treatment are disclosed. We have known a man who had been bled seventy-four times, and yet lived to tell the tale, and to show his arms scarred with innumerable lancet wounds. Nevertheless, the lancet has probably slain more than the bullet. And Mozart possessed just one of those excessively sensitive organizations which wear themselves out with ceaseless action at an early age, and which finally succumb to causes that would scarcely affect more vigorous constitutions. The gifts of genius were in his case accompanied with so much intensely emotional weakness, that his brain gave way beneath the pressure of incessant labour and the harass of that *res angusta domi* which is the lot of so many to whom nature has denied the art of making money and of keeping it when made. At five-and-thirty he was an old man, and his physical strength was in reality reduced to the condition which belongs to seventy or eighty years in men of strong and unsusceptible temperaments. The sudden cold applied to his burning head, paralyzed, therefore, the little power remaining in his brain, and he died just as persons die who are bled when prostrated with a *coup de soleil*. The case of Dr. Cooper, who died from cholera at Southampton, is a further illustration in point. His system was reduced to the lowest point of vital energy by his

heroic labours before the cholera seized him. The ice treatment was employed in his case, and he died. He might and probably would have died under any treatment. Nevertheless, that the ice was applied, and that he died, is a fact; and it might have been the ice that killed him.

In a notice of the fourth Philharmonic Concert, the *Daily News* speaks of Mr. Cipriani Potter's symphony in D as follows:—

"The commencing symphony was the work of one of the most highly esteemed and respected of English musicians—a veteran artist, whose age is made continuous youth by his ceaseless and ever fresh love and pursuit of an art in which he has earned an honourable renown as well as personally the golden opinions of all who value worth and integrity. Mr. Cipriani Potter is one of the few surviving disciples and friends of Beethoven, whose vast genius, developed far in advance of public recognition, was at once appreciated by the young English student, who hastened abroad to place himself within that high and noble influence by which he has so largely and permanently benefited. One of the earliest promoters of the Philharmonic Society, and for twenty-seven years (until his retirement in favour of Professor Bennett), Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Cipriani Potter, by his refined performances of classical pianoforte music (especially that of Mozart and Beethoven, much of which he introduced for the first time in this country); by his own sterling works for that instrument, and for the orchestra; by his excellent example and instruction both in pianoforte playing and in composition, has exercised the sondest and most wholesome influence on English musical art, and has trained some of its best living professors. His works, although not very numerous, comprise almost all forms of instrumental music, among them being several grand symphonies for full orchestra, that performed on Monday (in D major), being the fourth of the series. In this, as in his other productions, the influence of his early study of the highest models is largely apparent. The symphony now referred to contains some masterly writing, especially in the first *allegro* and in the *andante*—the former laid out on a broad and grand scale, the subjects interesting in themselves, and treated with a vigour and power of resources that evidence high culture in the best schools of the art. The themes of the *andante* are graceful, and are developed and elaborated with a variety that sustains the interest throughout a movement of considerable length. The *scherzo* has much character and vigour; and the *finale*, a *presto* in six-eight time, although perhaps not the strongest portion of the symphony, is full of life and animation, with a touch of Italian sprightliness of style. Throughout the whole work, the orchestral treatment is that of a skilled and practised master of instrumental effects. The cordial reception of the symphony, and the general call for its composer (who appeared on the platform), were pleasant to witness in days when it is too much the fashion to depreciate English musical art; and the value of the Royal Academy of Music, by which so much has been done for it, mainly through the long presiding influence of the author of the work which has led to these remarks."

The ingenious Stendhal was fond of saying and proving, after his own fashion, that Italian opera never could exist at New York. New York is a thoroughly commercial city; the Americans are utilitarians; they have no aristocracy; they have no picture galleries; they have no leisure. Therefore they can have no Italian opera. "New York?" says a character in one of Stendhal's novels who thinks for a moment of exiling himself, "but at New York there is no Italian opera." Stendhal was so fully convinced of the truth of his argument that he never took the trouble to consider, as a meaner man might have done, whether the conclusion he had arrived at was or was not in accordance with actual fact; and he died in the belief that Italian opera was not to be heard in America at all, and that the Americans were essentially an anti-operatic people. Without knowing very much about it, we fancy the Americans care more for dramatic music than the English do. We are assured that at New York opera is played all the year round, or nearly so; and operatic establishments exist not only at New York, but also at Philadelphia and New Orleans. One thing is quite certain, that America produces vocalists, while Englishmen and Englishwomen who have voices go abroad and learn to sing in some country where the Government encourages schools of art, and "subventions" operahouses. None of the singers from America who have achieved success in this country, and in other parts of Europe, have been of Anglo-American race; and it is noticeable that they are all light sopranos. If any one likes to argue that the climate of New York is favourable to the development of that fascinating and essentially feminine description of voice, it will suit his purpose to remember the marked improvement which took place in the voice of the lamented Mme. Bosio during her residence in the United States. But we imagine the true explanation of the matter to be that foreigners from all parts of Europe go to America, and that the gifted American singers one hears of from time to time are the children, not of Anglo-Americans (it would be more agreeable to us to believe so) but of parents who belong to one of the great musical races of Europe. Mme. Patti, who, though not born in America, was educated among Americans, and sang at the beginning of her career to American audiences, is half Italian, half Spanish by descent. Mlle. Minnie Haack is German by the father's side. We have no ethnological information on the subject of Mlle. Kellogg; but it is evident from her name that she also is not of pure Anglo-American origin.—*Shaver Siffer.*

Shuber Silber at the Opera.

The success of Herr von Flotow's *Martha*, which has been played a greater number of times, in a greater number of languages, and in a greater number of European cities, than any opera of the day, with the single exception of the *Trovatore*—which is the *Martha* of serious opera, as *Martha* is the *Trovatore* of comic opera—is certainly a phenomenon worth studying. To what is this success due? To the prettiness of the music, to the interest of the drama, to the well-balanced distribution of the four principal parts, to the "Last Rose of Summer," which gives a perfume to the whole work, or to the fact that three of the most charming *prima donnas* of the period—Mme. Bosio, Mme. Patti, Mdle. Nilsson—have taken a particular fancy to the character of the heroine? With regard to the last point, if the heroine is in herself an interesting personage (and otherwise why should Mme. Bosio, Mme. Patti, Mdle. Nilsson have shown so much sympathy for her?) that, of course, is due to the part she plays, the costume she wears, and also to the music that she sings. As to the general question, however, why *Martha*, as a whole, has met with so much more success than many other works undoubtedly superior to it (that little masterpiece of elegance and grace, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, for instance, or the comparatively unknown *Comte Ory*, one of the many masterpieces composed by Rossini), it must be remembered that its composer has loved it like a spoiled child, that he has spared no pains to bring it forward in the world, and that he was in the position to give it very valuable assistance. There is something ludicrous in a composer's devoting to a trivial production like *Martha* the same earnest and continuous attention which Meyerbeer used to bestow on the elaborate and in many respects really great works which he produced from time to time, at intervals of ten or twelve years, on the stage of the French Académie. Flotow is by no means one of those composers, typified in Rossini, who cast their bread on the waters without even caring whether it will come back to them or not. A quarter of a century ago Count von Flotow, who had previously composed several operas, some of which were represented in private, others in public, wrote with MM. Burgmüller and Deldevez the music of a ballet called *Lady Henriette, ou le Marché de Richmond*, which was produced at the Académie, and represented some years afterwards at Drury Lane Theatre under the title of *Lady Henriette, or the Statute Fair*. The tolerably ingenious story of Lady Henriette seems to have exercised a sort of fascination on the laborious but unprolific Count. He had already composed *Stradella*, which obtained a marked success in Germany, but failed in London (for reasons altogether independent of the merit of the music), and in 1846 he produced *L'Ami en Peine* (in English *Leoline*) at the Académie. But it was Lady Henriette who really occupied his thoughts, and nothing would content him but to turn the ballet of which she was the heroine into an opera. The result was *Martha*, which was brought out at Vienna in 1847, and owed a large portion of its long-continued success to Mdle. Tietjens's impersonation of the heroine. *Martha* made the tour of Germany and even visited England, where, in the first instance, the work was not liked. At least we remember to have heard it an immense number of years ago at the Princess's Theatre, where it was played by a German company, and, as far as we can remember, played well, but without any decidedly favourable impression being produced.

Count Von Flotow, however, had not composed his favourite opera for Germany only, but for the whole civilized world. He began by translating it into Italian, reducing, at the same time, the four acts of the German original to two, and succeeded in getting his darling Lady Henriette introduced on the Italian stage. At the Académie she had danced, at the Vienna Theatre she had spoken and sung, at the Théâtre des Italiens (the spoken dialogue having now passed into recitative) she did nothing but sing; while, in each case, it is fair to add, the public did nothing but applaud. The interesting figure of Lady Henriette still haunted Count Von Flotow, and his passion for her extended even to her companion and attendant Nancy, for whom he wrote a new *scena*. To strengthen his work still more he added a very feeble air for Signor Graziani, the representative of the well-named Plunkett (an Irishman of Richmond, as Lady Henriette is a wild Irish melody-singing girl of the Court of London); and still he could dream of nothing but Lady Henriette and her romantic adventure at the statute fair. If he knew beforehand that he could get Mdle. Nilsson to play the part he was quite right. At all events when in a fourth edition of the work (third edition for the operatic stage), Lady Henriette came before the public at the Théâtre Lyrique, it was Mdle. Nilsson who gave life and beauty to the character, and who so transfigured it that for months and even years (*Martha* was played at the Théâtre Lyrique on alternate evenings for some hundreds of nights), the Parisians were as wild about Henriette as Count von Flotow himself. This time the composer was satisfied—or he deserves to go to his grave a dissatisfied man. Whether Mdle. Nilsson looks best in the elaborate drawing-room dress of blue silk and lace worn by Lady

Enrichetta in the first scene; or in the picturesque cloak and hood assumed by the pretended Martha; or in the rich hunting costume in which Lady Enrichetta shows herself when she next appears in her own proper character, is a question to be decided by individual tastes. But as a singer, while singing perfectly throughout the opera, she is heard to the greatest advantage in the very pretty spinning-wheel quartet, the close of which gives her the opportunity of displaying her most brilliant high notes (it is remarkable that Mdle. Nilsson's tones are never more soft and sympathetic than in the very highest region of her voice); and, above all, in the "Romance of the Rose," the lovely melody of which gains fresh loveliness from Mdle. Nilsson's poetic manner of rendering it.

"Nancy, her friend," though entirely eclipsed by the superior brilliancy of Lady Enrichetta, is all the same a favourite part with contraltos. Mdle. Grossi, however, who now sustains this character at the Royal Italian Opera, is heavy in style, nor is her voice by any means flexible. Madame Trebelli-Bettini is incomparably the best Nancy, and, as far as we know, the only singer who can play the part with grace and sing the music with the distinction which it requires to relieve it from the commonplace character naturally belonging to it. But for the unfortunate absence of Madame Trebelli-Bettini the cast of *Martha* at Covent Garden would, as regards principal parts, be identical with that of the same work at Her Majesty's Opera last season. Signor Mongini still represents Lionel, and sings the music with admirable dramatic expression and perfect taste. Certainly Signor Mongini never sang so well as he is singing this season. His voice is what it always was, and there is a marked improvement in his style. Mr. Santley, as Plunkett, delivers his song in praise of "porter-beer" with appropriate vigour, but wisely omits the added air of the last act. He plays the part with intelligence and gives it all the importance it is capable of receiving. As for Signor Arditi, he beats time to the music of Count von Flotow as though he was Count von Flotow.

Shuber Silber.

State Concert.

By command of the Queen, a State concert was given on Wednesday evening at Buckingham Palace, to which a party of nearly 700 was invited. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, and Prince Arthur, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince and Princess of Teck, conducted by Viscount Sydney (Lord Chamberlain), and attended by ladies and gentlemen in waiting, entered the saloon at ten minutes past ten, when the concert commenced. The programme provided for the delectation of the 700 grown up amateurs is subjoined:—

Overture, <i>Masaniello</i>	Anber.
Cantique, "Nazereth," Mr. Santley and Chorus	Gounod.
Aria, "Qui la voce" (<i>I Puritani</i>), Mdle. Ilma de Murska	Bellini.
Duo, "La Rondo" Signor Gardoni e Mr. Santley	Gabussi.
Welsh Air, "The Bells of Aberdovey," Miss Edith Wynne (Harp <i>obligato</i> , Mr. John Thomas)	
Duetto, "Ah morir" (<i>Ernani</i>), Mdle. Nilsson e Signor Gardoni	Verdi.
Chorus, "Alla Trinità"	Palestrina.
Lied, "Morgenständchen," Mdle. Valesca de Facius	Schubert.
Aria, "Ah se dè preghi miei" (<i>Mirella</i>), Signor Gardoni	Gounod.
Cavatina, "Bel raggio" (<i>Semiramide</i>), Mdle. Nilsson	Rossini.
Valse, "Ah! che assorta," Mdle. Ilma de Murska	Venzano.
Duo, "Vieni fra queste braccia" (<i>I Puritani</i>), Mdle. Ilma de Murska e Signor Gardoni	Bellini.
Sanctus, from the <i>Messe Solennelle</i> (Quartet and Chorus), Miss Edith Wynne, Mdle. Valesca de Facius, Signor Gardoni e Mr. Santley	Rossini.
Airs Hongrois, Mdle. Ilma de Murska (Flute <i>obligato</i> , Mr. Svensden.)	
Duo, "Pronta io son" (<i>Don Pasquale</i>), Mdle. Nilsson e Mr. Santley	Donizetti.
Chorus, "Trumpet, blow" (<i>La Reine de Saba</i>)	Gounod.
Swedish Airs, Mdle. Nilsson	
Solo and Chorus, "The Knight of Snowdon," Miss Edith Wynne	Bishop.
Finale, "God save the Queen."	

The band and chorus (upwards of 160 performers) were from the Royal Italian Opera, the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies, and Her Majesty's private band. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Anderson.

DRESDEN.—Dr. Gunz has been singing in *Le Postillon*, *Le Brasseur de Preston*, and *Era Diavolo*. It is five years since the vocal Doctor sang here before, and local critics have made the marvellous discovery that his voice has not improved during that period.

THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The 215th Anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon, with full cathedral service, as usual, under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is scarcely necessary for us to dwell again upon the origin and purport of this admirable institution, which, founded in 1655, and three years later, under Charles II., formally established by Royal Charter, as the "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy," has in its way been of inestimable service where service was most needed. It is enough to remind our readers that the annual festival is in aid of the funds of the Corporation, and that those funds are employed to assist necessitous clergymen, to pension their widows and unmarried daughters, educate, apprentice, or provide "outfits," as need may be, for their children. Last year we are informed that, by pensions and donations, the society assisted no less than "1,324 persons—clergymen, their widows, aged single daughters, and children." To this we may add the following from the official report:—

"The Governors, grateful for the means which enable them to effect such a large amount of good, would earnestly invite the continuance of that support which the Corporation has so long received from the clergy and laity. It is especially desired to raise the amount of the pensions to the widows and aged single daughters of deceased clergymen, of whom there are 712 receiving pensions from 15*l.* to 25*l.* per annum; and the Governors feel confident there must be many wealthy and benevolent individuals who would be happy to assist in so just and good an object, did they know the extent of the pecuniary distress, and consequent suffering and privations into which a large number of excellent ladies are thrown by the death of husbands and fathers, whose life incomes, as clergymen, afforded no means of laying by a provision for their widows and orphans."

That the full cathedral service, an annual feature of the "Festival of the Sons of the Clergy," is also one of its principal attractions, it is scarcely necessary to say. The general arrangements yesterday differed in no material respect from those of previous anniversaries. The Lord Mayor and Sheriff arrived in semi-state, and were received at the west door by the Cathedral clergy, immediately after which a procession moved up the aisle, composed of the members of various choirs, the civic and clerical authorities, the committee and stewards of the Festival, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other high dignitaries of the church. Prayers were intoned by the Rev. Canon Hall, M.A., and Lessons read by the Rev. Canon Simpson, M.A. The musical part of the service was in many respects far more satisfactory than on previous occasions. Instead of reinforcing the metropolitan choirs by amateurs of both sexes, certain of the provincial cathedral churches were called upon for delegates; and thus Mr. Wynn, the experienced conductor, had under his guidance a competent force of well-trained singers, selected from the choirs of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Canterbury Winchester, Rochester, Eton College, the Temple, and Lincoln's Inn. The result was a musical service worthy the place and the occasion. Whether any extraordinary pains had been taken at the rehearsals we are unable to say; but that the singing was better than usual, as good, indeed, as the most exacting critic could desire, is unquestionable. The suffrages, as a matter of course, were sung to the imperishable music of Tallis—music which time seems to make grow younger rather than older. Seldom has it been more impressively rendered than by the picked voices of the united choirs on this occasion. The psalms for the day were sung to Anglican chants, music and "pointing" being borrowed from the excellent *Church Psalter and Hymn Book* edited by Messrs. Goss and Mercer. Formerly this part of the service was more or less unsatisfactory, owing to the divergent methods of the various choirs; but now, thanks to a system of uniformity, the psalms were given in a manner to which hardly an exception could be raised. The "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" were from the Service in D of Dr. T. A. Walmisley, predecessor of Dr. Sterndale Bennett as Professor of Music at Cambridge University. A better choice could not easily have been made. The anthem after the first collect was "I will magnify Thee, O God" (Psalm 145), set to music by Mr. J. Baptiste Calkin, upon whom the noble church music composed by Mendelssohn for the Berlin "Dom-chor" must have made a sensible impression. Before the sermon Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley's anthem, "The Wilderness"—a composition universally recognized as among the most masterly examples of English church music—was sung in really admirable style; and its difficulties borne in mind, the credit due to the united choirs was all the greater. The earnest and admirable delivery of the bass solo, "Say to them that are of a fearful heart," by Mr. Lewis Thomas (of the Temple and Chapel Royal), deserves a special word of notice, as contributing in no small degree to the general effect. After the sermon the very familiar hymn, "Jerusalem the golden," was sung by the choir, the congregation in great part joining emphatically in both words and tune—an incident which must have greatly pleased those enthusiasts to whom congregational singing in the church

is a *sine quâ non*. Messrs. Goss and George Cooper presided at the organ with their well-known ability.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. J. Rowsell, M.A. (Rector of St. Margaret, Lothbury), who took for his text Matthew, chap. x verse 9: "Provide neither gold nor silver," &c., upon which he founded an eloquent appeal, which lost none of its force by being clearly and distinctly enunciated.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ed. Devrient, the well-known German actor, lately celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary. A short time previously, he had refused a very flattering offer from Stuttgart, preferring to remain here. The Grand-Duke has now made him General-Director of the Theatre. On the day of the anniversary, Herr Devrient received congratulatory messages and letters from his brother actors and from his admirers in all parts of Germany, besides the Order of the Crown, Third Class, from the King of Prussia; the Order of the Falcon, First Class, from the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar; and the Commander's Cross of the Order of the House of Ernest, from the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

MEYER & Co.—"Echoes of Geneva," caprice; "Skating," illustration; and "Evening Thoughts," nocturne for the pianoforte, by Berthold Tours.

BELL & DALY.—"Minor Chords," by Sophy May Eckley.

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